

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1886.

*TAKEN BY SIEGE.**

CHAPTER XI.

RUSH'S meeting with Helen Knowlton at the masked ball had upset all his resolutions. It acted upon him like a glass of wine upon a man who has stopped drinking: it went to his head and intoxicated him, and gave him an irresistible craving for more. He had felt her eyes upon his; the touch of her hand had fallen upon his arm. He could no more resist going to see her again than he could have resisted her first invitation to call at her house. The pride that had been stung to the quick was "bottled up," as he expressed it, and he confessed to himself that he might as well surrender first as last.

"I must not expect her to care for me yet. It would be very strange if she did. What am I to her?—only one of hundreds; and she may be engaged to that West Hastings now, for all I know. People say so; and people always know more about your friends than you do yourself."

Such thoughts as these flew through the young man's brain as he bent over his desk at night and plied the pen, or—blue pencil in hand—boiled columns of copy down to half- or quarter-columns. Again he argued with himself, "I owe her an apology for flooring that rascal in her presence. It was very ill bred of me, and I must ask her pardon."

So on his next "night off" he put on his dress-suit and walked up to Twentieth Street. The very thought that he was going to see Helen excited him so that he could scarcely do justice to the capital Italian

dinner set before him at his old restaurant. He had dressed himself with the utmost care. "I never want to appear in her presence except as a well-dressed man," he said to himself; and this not because he was a dandy, but because he had heard her say that she liked men to dress well and give their personal appearance a sufficient amount of thought.

"I cannot bear a dowdy man," said Helen one day in Rush's hearing, speaking of a clever fellow of their acquaintance who was very untidy in his appearance. "I prefer a man to care less for Greek and more for soap and water. I shudder whenever he shakes hands with me. Such nails! there is no excuse for it. There is nothing I like more than a well-kept hand, and nothing I dislike more than one that is let to run wild."

Rush looked stealthily at his strong, shapely hands, and wondered what head they came under. On his way home that night he stopped at a drug-store and bought a box containing all the paraphernalia of the *toilette des ongles*. From that time forth he took care of his hands; and he had his reward; for one day, in shaking hands with him, Helen said, "What nice hands you have, Mr. Hurlstone! they are so well kept. I like to see it." She didn't know that it was her own doing. Helen's friends used to say among themselves that she was too particular and spoke her mind too freely on these subjects; but the effect on her admirers was instantaneous. The moment a man came to know her, he began taking care of his hands and looking after himself generally. Uncle Lightfoot Myers used to say that "the colts who trotted around Helen Knowlton were the best-groomed youngsters in the city;" and so they were.

When Rush inquired at her door if Miss Knowlton was in, he was in such a state of nervous excitement that his voice sounded unnatural to him. She was in, and he was ushered into the drawing-room, where she sat with Aunt Rebecca and Uncle Lightfoot Myers. They all seemed pleased to see him, and for a while he felt supremely happy. Uncle Lightfoot and Aunt Rebecca fell to chatting about a proposed trip to Europe, while Helen devoted herself to Rush. He made his apologies for the episode of the masked ball, and she readily forgave him. Then she asked him why he had not been to see her, and she was evidently so perfectly unconscious of having given him cause for offence that he began to think that perhaps he had been unreasonable. As they talked about one thing and another, Rush said, "By the way, this is an anniversary."

"Of what?" inquired Helen.

"Strange that you should not guess," answered Rush. "Twenty-

one years ago to-night I was born." And he drew himself up to the full dignity of his years.

"What?" said Helen, laughing; "are you only twenty-one? Why, you are a mere boy!" And she seemed so much amused that Rush felt rather annoyed. He was a boy as beards go; but he was much older than his years; and yet again he was very boyish. "I am every bit as old as she is, in my feelings," said Rush to himself; but, then, Helen was very young for her years.

"Your aunt and Mr. Myers seem to be discussing a very weighty subject," said Rush, anxious to change the conversation.

"Yes, they are," Helen replied: "they are talking over my London engagement."

"Are you going to London?" asked Rush, with undisguised surprise.

"Yes; it is all settled except a few preliminaries. I am to sing at Drury Lane the coming season; and Mr. Myers, who gives us so much good advice in business matters, is arranging the details with Aunt Rebecca. I don't want to have anything to do with the business. If I have any of that on my mind I can't sing; and I dislike it anyway. Fortunately, Aunt Rebecca likes it."

This gave Rush time to recover, for he had been quite stunned by the blow. London seemed to him to be at the end of the world. How he wished that he was a Monte Cristo, that he might say, "What do you expect to make by your trip?" and if she should reply, "A hundred thousand dollars," he would say, "Stay at home, and here is two hundred thousand." But, alas! two hundred dollars would be almost more than he could command. Oh, why was she so kind, and why did she look so beautiful, on the night when she announced her departure? He was afraid he would betray himself; but he must know before she put the sea between them whether she was engaged to West Hastings. If she was, he would retire from the field and wait. He wouldn't give up even then. If she was not, he would stay in the field and bide his time. Should he ask her? No; that would be too bold a step; and it might make her angry. While he was debating in his mind, the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Hastings. Rush knitted his brows and cursed his luck, and Helen looked smilingly towards the door as West Hastings entered. If there was one thing above another that West Hastings could do well, it was to enter a drawing-room; and Rush could not but envy his elegant ease. His bow was courtliness itself, and this he bestowed on the inmates of the room collectively. With Helen he shook hands, and seated himself beside her on the sofa. Rush thought his manner with her insufferable,

but that was his prejudice. West Hastings was exceedingly deferential to ladies, and particularly so to Helen,—so much so, in fact, that she felt it to be an outside polish rather than anything that came from the heart.

"Confound his familiarity!" said Rush to himself. "What right, I should like to know, has he to sit there and talk to her in an undertone, as if he owned her? Can it be possible that they are engaged?" He looked carefully at her hands, to see if there was a tell-tale ring there; but her fingers were without ornament. This was something to be thankful for. Although West Hastings spoke in low tones, Helen did not. She tried to draw Rush into the conversation, but he was too busy with thoughts of her departure to notice that any of the conversation was addressed to himself. She was going away, and that was all that he could think about.

"You will be in London the last of May," said Hastings. "Well, I am a lucky fellow,—I shall be there just at that time; and you must depend on me to show you the sights. London is an old story to me; but to visit the old scenes in such delightful company will make them fresh again."

"What's that, you young rascal?" asked Uncle Lightfoot from the other side of the room; "going to be in London with Helen? Going to witness a new American victory over the British? Well, you *are* a lucky dog. When do you sail?"

"On the 3d; in the Germanic," was the reply.

"Well, upon my word! Is this a prearranged affair?" exclaimed Uncle Lightfoot, winking at Aunt Rebecca.

"That is our day and steamer," said Helen. "How fortunate we are!"

"I am the fortunate one," replied Hastings. "I begin to think that I must have been born under a lucky star."

Rush ground his teeth so fiercely that it is a wonder the company did not hear him. Going to cross in the steamer with her! If he wasn't engaged to her now he would be by the time they reached Liverpool; for the man who cannot make an ocean voyage the turning-point in his courtship does not know how to use his opportunities. What was the use of working against fate? The way was made clear for West Hastings; while he had nothing on his side but a love which he believed was the fondest man ever had for woman, but which he knew it would be fatal to betray. He felt desperate, and it is no wonder that he looked so.

"You haven't spoken a word in the last five minutes, Mr. Hurlstone. Why are you so silent?" said Helen, in a half-bantering tone.

"I was just thinking of a lot of unfinished work, and that I must tear myself from this delightful company and hurry to my desk. Such a thought was enough to make me silent and sad," he replied, in the same tone, at the same time rising to leave the room. He bade them all good-night, and left the house with a heavy heart.

"I am really very fond of that boy," said Helen, as she heard the front door close. "He is so honest and enthusiastic,—quite different from the usual society-men one is constantly meeting."

"Yes," said Hastings, in a patronizing tone; "he seems quite an amiable young man. A reporter, or something of that sort, isn't he?"

"Well, yes, something of that sort," said Helen, taking up the cudgels rather against Hastings's tone than his words. "All journalists, no matter how great they may become, begin at the bottom of the ladder, and learn all the branches of their work. Mr. Hurlstone is devoted to his profession. He will be editor of *The Dawn* some day, you mark my words."

"Indeed he will, if industry and ability go for anything," chimed in Aunt Rebecca.

"Mr. Hurlstone's success would not surprise me," said Hastings, with a slight sneer in his voice. "A man who can make such devoted friends of the ladies is bound to succeed. Women rule the world, say what you will."

"The truth well spoken," said Uncle Lightfoot. "This young Hurlstone, however, strikes me as a go-ahead, sensible young fellow, and I hope that Helen's predictions will prove true."

"I echo your sentiments, Uncle Lightfoot, and should be pleased to see virtue rewarded," replied Hastings.

Helen felt like saying something sharp in reply, but, as Hastings was her guest, she refrained. Besides, she thought it was perhaps a tinge of jealousy that affected his speech, and she was too much of a woman not to forgive sarcasm that arose from such a source. She therefore led the conversation around to the European trip, and Rush Hurlstone and his aspirations were forgotten in the discussion of pleasant plans for the summer.

Poor Rush! he could not so soon turn the current of his thoughts. He began by wishing that he had never been born; but, he thought,—

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

He felt that he had lost, and he walked from Twentieth Street to Printing-House Square thinking over his desperate case. The sight of

The Dawn office recalled him to himself, and, having no occasion to enter the building that night, he turned around and walked back to his lodgings. His case was certainly a hard one. He, a penniless boy, loved with all the impetuosity of youth the most popular singer of the day,—a woman any man would be proud to call his wife, whom all men loved, but to whose hand few aspired, owing to her position and the careful manner in which she was guarded. The wealthiest young bachelor in New York was acknowledged to be her slave. She could marry him if she would, so every one said, but she would probably marry a Russian prince or an English duke. It was already said that two such eligible suitors visiting this country had expressed their willingness to share the prima donna's ducats; and yet he, Rush Hurlstone, a young country-boy with his fame and fortune still to make, dared to love her! As he stood at his window that night, looking out at the moon, which seemed to be shining with especial brilliancy over the spot where her house stood, he registered a vow that he would not give himself up to repining, but would bide his time.

"I cannot believe that I was put in the world merely to be the shuttlecock of fate. I'll be my own battledoor, and knock myself into a position by her side."

CHAPTER XII.

"WHY don't you learn Italian?" Helen asked Rush, one day. "It would be a good thing for you in your profession, I should think, and you know French so well it would not be hard to learn. I might often want to say something to you, too, that I didn't want every one else to understand," she added, smilingly.

Rush thought the idea a good one, and the last part of the argument carried conviction with it. He determined to learn at once, and, in thinking about a teacher, he remembered Leoni and her family. There was the ex-cannon-ball-tosser,—not an unintelligent man,—with time hanging heavy on his hands. He would make a capital teacher. At any rate, he could go over to the little apartment and make the suggestion. He owed the Cellas a visit. They had been very kind to him when he was alone in New York, and now that he had found other friends he had quite neglected them. So on his way up-town at about five o'clock one afternoon he stopped at the Cella apartment. All the family were at home and in the best of spirits. Leoni never looked prettier. She was dressed in gala-day attire, and so was the little room

in which she lived. The curtains were tied back with gay ribbons, and flowers stood in all sorts of receptacles about the apartment. The table was set for dinner, and looked very attractive. The cloth was snow-white, and the best china was on it, with two or three bits of silver that had been brought from Italy and were polished till they shone like mirrors in the light of the lamp. The bottle of Chianti had a ribbon tied around its neck, and there was altogether an appearance of festivity about the place which the savory odor of a choice minestra wafted from the little kitchen did nothing to dispel. Rush noticed that the table was laid for four, and he pictured in his mind the raven locks and large black eyes of the favored son of Italy who was probably soon to make his appearance as the guest of the evening. "Leoni's color and the unusual brightness of her eyes tell tales that need no words," said Rush to himself. "Well, some silver-voiced tenor is going to win a prize. Leoni is an exceptionally nice girl, and she is very beautiful."

Leoni seemed a little embarrassed, and the parents a little mysterious: so between the two Rush thought it best to state his business and get away before the arrival of the lover. He made known his errand to the ex-cannon-ball-tosser, who was delighted with the idea of so pleasant a pupil, and time and terms were agreed upon at once. Rush arose to go; but before he had made his adieus the door-bell rang, and Leoni disappeared in the hall. It seemed as though she would never come back. Rush did not want to go out and disturb her, nor did he want to stand in the middle of the floor and twirl his hat until she returned.

"Ah, these young people!" said Signora Cella, with an amused shake of the head.

Some whispering was heard in the hall, and Leoni entered, followed by a man. She was just about to introduce the gentlemen, when they both stepped forward and stared at each other in amazement.

"Why, John, you here!"

"Hello, Rush, old man! glad to see you." And John shook his brother affectionately by the hand. Rush was so astonished that he had nothing to say, but John was perfectly at his ease. Rush remembered the vehemence with which John had denied any acquaintance with Leoni, and his heart misgave him,—not for John's sake, but for Leoni's, and for Amy Bayliss's.

"So you know Mr. Stone?" said Leoni. "How very nice! I am so glad you are friends."

Rush saw that there was a mystery about this acquaintanceship, but this was not the time or the place to unravel it: so he bade them good-evening, and took his leave. What did it mean? John was evidently

on terms of intimacy in the Cella household, but they couldn't have known his full name, or they would have associated it with Rush's. Rush was very fond of his brother, but he did not have the greatest confidence in him where women were concerned. What to do, however, was more than he could decide on yet. John, with all his amiability, was not a man to suffer interference with his affairs, and Rush did not know enough about the case to take any decided action. He remembered what the talkative usher had said at the Academy of Music that night, and he remembered the eagerness with which John's eyes followed every movement of the ballet-dancer. John was an attractive fellow, and Leoni was, to say the least, very much interested in him. There would be no harm in this if John were not engaged to Amy Bayliss. Poor little Amy! Rush thought of her big blue eyes and baby mouth. He would like to thrash John, if he was going to throw the confiding little thing over after winning her affections so thoroughly. And Leoni,—what would she say if she knew of John's engagement? But perhaps, after all, Rush was magnifying the affair. John might have met Leoni as men do meet ballet-dancers, and he might be taking dinner with her just as innocently as Rush had taken dinner with her several weeks before.

Perhaps if Rush had seen Amy Bayliss she might have told him that there was no falling off in John's attentions. His letters were frequent, but short, and his flowers came regularly. Amy felt quite happy, for John had named their wedding-day in one of his early letters. To be sure, he had made no allusion to it lately; but, the thing once settled, why harp upon it?

John had not faltered in his affection for Amy, but a new affection had sprung up in his heart, and he was madly in love with Leoni Cella. He was one of those men who are so constituted that they can love two women at the same time, but not alike. John was more in love, perhaps I should say more wildly in love, with Leoni than he was with Amy. Her dark Italian eyes fascinated him, and there was something in his nature that enjoyed loving a woman who was before the public. He liked to sit in the theatre and say to himself, as she came tripping down the stage, "That is the girl I love: you may clap your hands and shout yourselves hoarse, gentlemen, but she doesn't care a button for one of you. I am the man of her choice!" Now, Rush, on the contrary, was not at all attracted by the professional life of the woman he loved. He couldn't bear the idea of her being a "public character,"—one whom every one felt at liberty to speak of with perfect freedom, and whose photograph any man could buy. If he could have afforded it, he would have bought every photograph of Helen that had been taken, and have hidden it away where no one but he could see it. He could

hardly keep his hands off a man he met in a Nassau Street shop one day. The man was making a collection of stage-favorites, and he had a lot of Helen's photographs spread out on the counter before him. These he picked up and criticised in turn. He didn't mean to say anything out of the way, but Rush wondered, when he thought it over, why he had not strangled him on the spot. Instead of that, he hurried out of the shop, after shooting glances at the man that must have left him with the impression that his *vis-à-vis* was a lunatic. But John enjoyed seeing Leoni's photographs in the shop-windows. She was the favorite dancer of New York : why shouldn't her picture be for sale ? The oftener he saw it the better he was pleased. He was affectionate, but there was nothing sentimental about him.

Rush tried to see his brother the day after the meeting at the Cellas', but he couldn't find him. It must have been a fortnight before he met him, and in the mean time he had taken his first Italian lesson from the ex-cannon-ball-tosser. Leoni was not at home. She was attending a rehearsal at the Academy of Music, and Signora Cella was out in Third Avenue, marketing. Rush tried to find out, without prying too deeply into his brother's affairs, just what John's position in the household was. He did not tell Signor Cella that Mr. Stone, as he called him, was his brother, but he said that he knew him, and he soon found that he was answering Cella's questions rather than Cella his. The old man seemed very anxious to learn all he could about "Mr. Stone." He had been introduced to Signor Cella and Leoni by a Colonel Mortimer, whom the ballet-master at the Academy vouched for as being a "perfect gentleman." No sooner had Mr. Stone met Leoni than he fell in love with her. Leoni was used to love at first sight, and she knew that it usually passed away as suddenly as it came. But in the case of John Hurlstone (or Mr. Stone, as she believed him to be) it was different. He had not the familiar, assured-of-success manner of the men she had been in the habit of meeting behind the scenes. He was gentle and deferential, and he showed her as much respect as he would have shown any lady in her drawing-room. His manner to her mother completely captivated that excellent woman ; and one rainy night, when he took her and her daughter home in his carriage, she invited him in to get warm, and he accepted the invitation with alacrity. A few days later he called to see if they had suffered any inconvenience from the rain, and from that time on he had been a regular visitor at the Cellas', where he won all hearts by his amiability and gentleness.

He was more desperately in love with Leoni than he had ever been with any other woman ; but I will not say that he could not have changed his affections with a change of scene. He saw before he had

talked with her many times that she was as good a girl as had ever lived, and that if he wanted to be her friend he must treat her with proper respect. She was a ballet-dancer, to be sure, but she had been well brought up. Although she was deeply in love with him, she gave him to understand, as Juliet assured Romeo, that he need pay no court to her unless the bent of his love was honorable and his purpose marriage. John accepted the position of lover on these terms, forgetting for the time being Amy Bayliss and the wedding-day that was not far off. He had fixed it for the 1st of June; but after a while he wrote her the tenderest letter a man ever wrote to a woman, postponing it till the fall. Amy was perfectly satisfied with the reasons, and loved him more than ever for them. She did wish that he could get back to Farmsted, if only for a day; but dear John was working so hard,—and all for her! In the fall they would be married, and then she would go with him to New York. They would live at his rooms the first winter, and take their meals anywhere they chose. That was the way many young married couples did. It was very bohemian and very jolly, and Amy, who had spent all her days in a country rectory, looked forward to it with the keenest anticipations.

"Poor little Amy!" John said to himself, as he sat in his private room at the Mutual Dividend Mining Company's offices, smoking its best cigars and sipping its special brand of cognac. "Poor little girl! She loves me so, and I love her; but I love Leoni more." And he shut his eyes and gave himself up to dreams of Leoni. Such beauty, such grace, and a depth of love for him that Amy could not know. "I believe she would kill any one who came between us. I can see her soft eyes grow hard and flash fire if she heard of a rival. Women are strange creatures: they never blame the man; but heaven help the woman if they get hold of her! 'She led him off,' they say. Ah, if they only knew how willing he was to be led!"

John's reveries were brought to an end by the entrance of Colonel Mortimer, who came in with some certificates of stock for him to sign as secretary of the company. He had just got hold of a guileless merchant from a distant New-England town, and was going to give him ten beautifully-engraved certificates of stock in the Mutual Dividend Mining Company for ten one-thousand-dollar bills. John felt a slight twinge of conscience as he signed the certificates; but a man must have money to live!

"You will get twenty per cent. on this investment in six months, Mr. Gorham, and twenty in six months more," John could hear Colonel Mortimer tell his victim as he bowed him to the front door. "Forty per cent. is better than letting your money lie idle. You may consider

yourself fortunate in having got any of this stock. I don't like to see it going out of my own hands; but I have a very friendly feeling towards you, and am glad, after all, that you have those certificates." "And I these greenbacks," he might have added, as the door swung on its well-oiled hinges.

Colonel Mortimer returned to his desk, and, taking nine of the bills, rolled them up and placed them side by side in his capacious wallet. The tenth he took in and handed to John.

"There, you lucky dog, that is your share of the day's receipts. I take as much myself; the rest goes for office-expenses." John was fool enough to believe him; for, with all his worldly-mindedness, he was very credulous. He thanked Mortimer, folded the bill neatly, and put it in his waistcoat-pocket. There it began burning a hole at once.

"How long before you're going up-town, colonel?" he asked.

"Not for some time yet. I have some matters of importance to look over before I go."

"Then I won't wait for you. I have an errand or two on my way up. I'll see you at the club this evening."

Closing his desk, and throwing a light spring top-coat over his arm, he put his hat rakishly on his head, and stepped lightly out of the office and down the stairs into the street. There he hailed a passing cab, and, springing in, gave the order "To Tiffany's," and settled himself back on the seat to think what he should buy. He would get something for Leoni for love's sake, and something for Amy for the sake of pity. Poor Amy! he would get her something very nice. The cab drew up at the famous jeweller's, and John entered the place with the air of a bank-president. He went direct to the diamond-counter, and asked the obliging salesman to let him see some solitaire rings. After looking over dozens of them, of all sizes and all prices, he selected a small white stone, for which he paid three hundred dollars, throwing his thousand-dollar bill carelessly on the counter. This was for Leoni; but she must not tell who gave it to her yet awhile. How they would enjoy the secret together!

"Can I show you anything else?" asked the salesman.

"Yes, if you will be so kind. I want to send a present to a lady in the country,—some little trifle. I don't know ladies' tastes very well. What would you suggest?"

"Really, sir, I can hardly say: you have shown such excellent taste in the selection of that ring that I think the lady will fare very well at your hands. But, as you ask me, what do you say to a fan?—a handsome hand-painted fan? We have some beauties selling at a great sacrifice."

"Capital !" said John. "The summer is coming on, and a lady is never without a fan."

So they walked over to the fan-counter, and John bought a pearl-handled, feather-trimmed, hand-painted absurdity for two hundred dollars (it was one of the "great sacrifices"), and sent it off with the most affectionate little note to Amy.

It was her wedding-present, every one in Farmsted said ; for they knew that a wedding-day had been named, and John certainly could not send her anything handsomer. Amy knew better ; but she was delighted with the gift, and, kissing the feather-tips, she put it back in its satin box and laid it away in her bureau-drawer with the tortoise-shell boxes and other expensive knick-knacks that John had sent her.

After John had sent the fan to Amy, he sat down at his writing-desk and wrote a most impassioned letter to Leoni, telling her how he loved her, and that he sent the ring in proof of his intentions ; "but, my darling," he wrote, "wear this where it won't be seen for the present. Cruel circumstances prevent my coming out boldly and claiming you as my love before all the world ; but have faith in me, darling, as I have in you. Don't even tell your good father and mother too much ; though you may assure them of my honorable intentions. Oh, Leoni, you do not know what it is to be a creature of fate ! I must wait quietly for a while, but I can go on loving you and trusting in your love for me, unworthy as I am ; and you may believe that, come what may, I am and always will be your own John." This and the ring he despatched by his trusty valet. The letter puzzled Leoni a little, but the symbol of the ring delighted her, and, as she was an Italian, and mystery in love-affairs is not altogether unknown in Italy, she quietly sewed the ring on the inside of a bit of velvet she wore around her neck. There it lay concealed ; but her heart beat high with joy whenever the sharp stone scratched her delicate throat.

John dined as usual at the club that night with Mortimer and two or three other gamblers. After dinner they went to the gaming-table, where John lost his remaining five hundred dollars. When he went to bed that night he cursed the expense of living in New York, and determined to make the colonel raise his salary.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUSH did not know all this, but he had his suspicions, and one evening he found John at his rooms, and asked him what he had been

doing at the Cellas'. Before he answered, John asked Rush what *he* was doing there.

"I have known them for some time, and was arranging to take Italian lessons," answered Rush.

"I too have known them for some time, and was arranging to take Italian lessons. There is nothing like a pretty woman to teach a fellow a language. I can learn more Italian from Leoni's eyes than from a dozen text-books," John replied, lightly.

Rush tried to press the matter, but his brother answered him with chaff.

"When are you to marry Amy Bayliss, John?" asked Rush.

An expression of annoyance passed over John's face, but he replied, amiably enough,—

"Some time in the fall, I believe."

"I thought it was to have been in June," said Rush.

"Something was said about June; but Amy thought that we had better wait," replied John, carelessly, beginning to dress for dinner.

"Delays are dangerous, John."

"And haste is often fatal."

After a pause Rush resumed: "I thought you told me you did not know Leoni, John?"

"Did I? Then I suppose I didn't when I told you. One makes acquaintances on short notice in the city. Nice little thing, isn't she? The mother is a dear old body. I quite like the athlete, too. It is he I go to see, you know: he is very fond of me."

There was no use in trying to talk seriously with John. He never for a moment allowed himself to be cornered, and, as Rush was going to dine at the Archers' with Helen and Archie Tillinghast, he had to leave without accomplishing his object, which was to take John to task for forgetfulness of his vow to Amy.

The dinner at the Archers' was delightful. Mr. Archer was famous for his cook, and there was no better housekeeper in New York than Mrs. Archer. Rush took Helen out to dinner, Archie took Mrs. Pryor, —the woman with whom Bessie visited the mediums and the Buddhists, and whom he detested,—and Bessie went out on the arm of Dionysius O'Hara, an Irish artist, with some talent but more pretensions, who sat at the feet of the Parapoff and smoked bad cigars. O'Hara seemed a clever fellow at first sight, and it took you some time to find out that he was telling you how clever he was, rather than proving it. He affected some eccentricity in dress, combed his black hair straight forward from the middle of his head to his eyebrows, brushed the ends of his moustache out straight from his upper lip, and, parting his beard from

the middle, brushed that up too, from either side of the part. His eyes were a pale blue, and the pupil expanded and contracted like a cat's as he talked. Altogether, he was an odd-looking fellow, and if he had not been so absurdly conceited would have been rather interesting. His pictures were of the impressionist type, and, although his portraits could hardly be called likenesses, they were fashionable, and O'Hara was quite sought after in society,—that is, by the women. The men could not stand his affectations and conceit, but the women said, "Mr. O'Hara is so clever! You know he is a Buddhist,—eats nothing but vegetables. You could not induce him to touch meat: it is against his religious principles." Mrs. Pryor was intimate with O'Hara. He was very fond of painting her portrait, and she was very fond of sitting to him. "Such an intellectual man, my dear!" she said to Bessie. "You should hear him read poetry! And he writes poetry, too. Pure inspiration. He says he never made a rhyme in his life by trying; but he can take up a pen and in a sort of trance write verses that are simply wonderful. I only hope that you may see him in a trance some day, when controlled by the spirit of Poetry."

It was Mrs. Pryor who introduced O'Hara into the Archer household. He knew enough not to have any of his trances before Mr. Archer, but he watched his opportunity to have one before Bessie. Mr. Archer thought he was a rather clever man. He had heard a good deal about his pictures, but had never seen them, and he took their merit for granted. Archie did not like the Irishman any better than he liked his pictures, and he owed Mrs. Pryor a grudge for bringing him to the Archers'.

Rush was so delighted at having Helen by his side that every one at the table seemed pleasant to him. Bessie noticed the unusual brightness of his manner, and so did Archie; but he attributed it all to Bessie. Rush was in fine spirits, and kept the table on a roar by the sharpness of his wit and his fund of good short stories. "The man who confines himself to short stories is the man for a dinner-party; but heaven defend us from the long-winded diners-out!" Such were Mr. Archer's sentiments; and he determined to invite young Hurlstone again, and before long.

Notwithstanding poor Archie's depression, the dinner was a pleasant one. From the dinner-table they strolled through the conservatory, and Helen, who had Rush's arm, stopped in front of a box of forget-me-nots, over whose delicate blossoms the moon was spreading its silver light. "Let me give you one of these flowers," she said, picking a bunch and fastening it in his button-hole. "You know I am going away, and we are so soon forgotten when we are gone." It was all that Rush

could do to keep from seizing the hands that were so near his face and kissing them with protestations of the love that was burning so hotly in his heart. Instead of that, he clasped his hands behind him, and answered, with mock seriousness,—

"I need no flower to remind me of you, Miss Knowlton. Your absence will be felt in the very air we breathe. The birds will chirp, 'She is gone!' from the tree-tops, and the stars will write it in the sky at night."

"Mr. Hurlstone, you are chaffing me; and I don't like to be chaffed. I thought that you would be a little sorry that I was going away," replied Helen.

"A little sorry! If you only knew what your absence means to me, you would——" His voice shook perceptibly, and Helen looked quickly at him. Fearing that he had gone too far, he added, "I shall never leave the foreign editor's room, but will haunt his desk night and day, seeking for early news from Drury Lane."

"Now you are joking again; but I believe you will miss me. We have had some pleasant times together, Mr. Hurlstone, and, although I have only known you a few short months, you are like an old friend, or perhaps I should say an old young friend. You seem to like me for myself, and not for my profession. With most people I feel that it is Helen Knowlton the prima donna, rather than Helen Knowlton the woman, whom they care for. Am I not right? If I had nothing to do with the stage I really think that you would like me better."

"That would be impossible, Miss Knowlton," responded Rush.

"Still chaffing! I thought better of you. Give me your arm; let us go to the drawing-room. I see they have all left the conservatory. I want you to be my guardian angel this evening and keep me out of the clutches of that Mr. O'Hara. I cannot endure him. He looks like a Russian Nihilist and smells like an Irish stew. He wants to paint my portrait for the spring exhibition. Shall I let him?"

"Let him? I should say not. Does he think the young ladies of New York have nothing to do but to sit to him? The minute he sees a pretty face he asks its owner to let him paint her portrait. I like his conceit, indeed!"

"Thank you for the implied compliment; but you need not get so excited: I haven't the slightest idea of allowing Mr. O'Hara any such privilege."

"I am glad to have your assurance in the matter; otherwise I should have my fears, for O'Hara seems to have irresistible attractions. The fact that he was able to get three of the belles of New York society to pose to him as the three Graces shows his power."

"You are not a woman, Mr. Hurlstone, or you would understand how hard it is to resist a request put in so complimentary a form. Could you refuse if Mr. O'Hara asked you to sit to him for Apollo? I'm sure you couldn't."

"That might be a temptation," said Rush, smiling, "but if it came from O'Hara I should be able to withstand it."

"There he comes now, with Bessie on his arm. Let us get over to that far corner before they see us," said Helen. But she was too late: O'Hara and Bessie bore down upon them, and there was no escape.

"Helen, dear," said Bessie, "Mr. O'Hara is so anxious to paint you in your Helen of Troy costume. He has asked me to intercede for him. Won't you sit to him? He would make a delightful picture."

"He could not help it, with such a sitter," said O'Hara, slowly distending his eyes at her.

"Mr. O'Hara is very kind, and more than complimentary," answered Helen, "but I am too busy a woman to sit for my portrait."

"Were you not quite as busy when you allowed Fessenden the privilege?" said O'Hara, with a smile, but in an unmistakable tone.

"Yes," answered Helen, with an equally unmistakable manner, "I fancy I was; but one can always find time to give to one's friends, and Mr. Fessenden is an old and valued friend." Then, to Bessie, "Mr. Hurlstone and I were just going over to that pretty corner of your drawing-room, to examine that new bit of Japanese bronze." And she moved off in the opposite direction with Rush.

"I don't think O'Hara will ask you again to sit to him. The cad! I wanted to choke him," said Rush.

"Don't you believe it: he is not so easily crushed. But he will never accomplish his object."

"Charming person Miss Knowlton is," said O'Hara to Bessie; but to himself he said, "The prig! I owe her one for that snub."

"Indeed she is charming," answered Bessie; "but she is very set in her ways, and she will make up her mind to a thing without any apparent reason and stick to it."

The Japanese bronze furnished Helen and Rush with a subject of interesting conversation. She admired the patience and the devotion the Japanese display in accomplishing an end, even if that end be only the adjusting of the scales of a bronze serpent.

"I am glad that you admire patience and devotion," said Rush.

"And why, pray?"

"On general principles,—they are such admirable qualities; but they are not always appreciated." While Helen was wondering just how to parry this remark, the servant at the door announced Miss Sandford, and

in a moment Aunt Rebecca was with them. She had come to take Helen home: so the pleasant evening was done. Rush had to go down to *The Dawn* office, and Archie walked as far as Canal Street with him and aired his opinion of O'Hara.

"You needn't tell me that that banged-haired Buddhist has any right in decent society," said Archie.

"I don't believe in him at all," answered Rush; "and I shall take pains to inform myself on the subject. As a friend of Miss Archer's, I believe it to be my duty. I don't like to see a man whom I suspect on such terms with a young lady whom I admire and who I believe is as unsuspicious as she is pure and good."

Archie listened to these words of his friend with varied emotions. He shared his sentiments towards O'Hara, but he thought that he detected something more than ordinary friendship in his solicitude for Bessie; and his manner was a little cool when he said good-night to him in front of the Brandreth House. Rush quickened his pace and made good time to *The Dawn* office. The night-door man told him that Mr. Musgrave had asked for him: so Rush went direct to the city editor's room.

"Ah, here you are, Mr. Hurlstone," said the city editor, looking up from his schedule. "In one moment, please. I have a matter of importance I want to speak with you about." After he had checked off a few names on his schedule, and called a few orders up to the composers' room through the speaking-tube, he invited Rush to come inside the iron railing, and then he told him what he wanted. It was a very nice bit of detective work. A popular actress, Rose Effington, had died some two years before, and there was a great deal of mystery surrounding her death. She had fallen from her high position on the stage, and, it was said, all through the fascinations of a man about whom very few knew anything, and about whom those who did had nothing good to say. At the time of her death he disappeared, and had not been heard of since. "Now it seems," said Musgrave, "that there is 'a party by the name of Johnson,' a prosperous wine-merchant, who entertained a tender passion for Rose, and would have married her if the other man had not cut him out. This Johnson believes that Rose was murdered, and he has spent the last two years in trying to discover her murderer. He has procured strong evidence against a man who, he suspects, was the favored lover, and he has brought his clues to me, and wants *The Dawn* to work them up. Now, I propose to have you do the work,—you and Martin the detective. You are the only man on the paper who is not known to the police and to other reporters. We want to do this thing quietly, and we want it well done. Here is an opportunity to distinguish

yourself. If you make a good story it may be the turning-point in your journalistic career. I will send your salary to your lodgings every week, as this may take some time; and any money you want for the search draw upon me for, and when you have anything of importance to communicate, drop me a line and mark the envelope personal. Martin will call at your lodgings to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, and you can arrange a plan of action together. Keep a sharp eye and a stiff upper lip, and good luck to you. Good-night, Mr. Hurlstone. —Well, what is it, Grady?" to a reporter standing outside the railing. "Have you any more facts about the sinking of the Jaybird?"

Rush was rather pleased with the idea of a still-hunt after a murderer. He remembered having seen Rose Effington in Boston when he was a student at Harvard, and that added interest to the search. If he had only known then what he knew later, his interest would have been still keener.

(To be continued.)

THE REEDS.

A LONG the marsh in the morning glow
The reeds were swaying to and fro;

And whenever the wind came sweeping by,
They would bend their heads, and sigh—and sigh.

A shepherd passed, and he plucked a reed,
And slit the stalk, and made it bleed,

And fashioned a pipe whereon to play,
And piped, ah! many a happy lay.

All day he piped, and lawn and hill
Were wild with echoes sweet and shrill.

But still in the sullen marsh below
The reeds were swaying to and fro;

And whenever the wind came sweeping by,
They would bend their heads, and sigh—and sigh.

Robertson Trowbridge.

THE INDUSTRIAL REPUBLIC.

THE world has always been a good place for the powerful ; all political progress is the result of efforts to make it tolerable for the weak. It is not in human nature to possess great power without abusing it. Hence the necessity for republican, or at least constitutional, forms of government. They are not perfect ; they are not ideal. It is possible to conceive of, though it might be impossible to realize, a despotism far superior to the actual republic. An absolute monarch, humane, strong, enlightened, would govern more intelligently, more steadily, and would give better protection to life and property, than any congress or parliament, whose acts must be partisan, and which always compromises between conflicting opinions and interests. That everybody knows more than anybody is a catching phrase in a republic, but it is nonsense. The very wise men, the very far-sighted men, the very conscientious men, the men qualified by nature and training to lead, to command, to administer government, are but a small portion even of the best communities. Popular government is better than an autocracy, not because the majority always or usually know more or are better than any one man, or any one hundred men, in the community, but because if unrestricted power be given to the one man or the one hundred men, he or they will tyrannize over the multitude. A considerable portion of the human race has already fought the battle against tyranny, and conquered. It has been many centuries doing it. Millions have died for liberty who did not know what liberty was. Millions have died fighting against autocracy who, had they had the power, would have replaced it with a worse anarchy, or even a more blind and selfish autocracy. The end could not be seen from the beginning. The cause of liberty has been disfigured by blunders, excesses, cruelties,—yet it was the cause of right.

The uprisings, the wars, which have substituted some form of popular for royal right are called political revolutions. They appear in history as struggles for political and civil rights. But the great mass of the people, even in a republic, have little to do with the government, and care to have little to do with it. The great majority of people are too busy fighting the battle of life, struggling for food and shelter, for finer food and a handsomer shelter, for the necessities, or the comforts, or the luxuries of life, for dinner to-day or for a fortune ten years hence, to care a great deal about politics and forms of government. What every man does care about is a chance to make a living and the

power of retaining what he has worked for. At the root of the matter these political revolutions are not so much struggles to change the form of government, or to transfer it from one set of hands to another, as struggles against intermeddling with the means of livelihood and exorbitant demands by the powerful few for the money earned by the weak many. You may preach political reforms with all the persuasiveness of an archangel, you will have poor success making revolutionists or rebels out of laborers who are pretty steadily employed at wages that protect them from physical inconvenience, or out of farmers and merchants whose capital increases a little from year to year, and from whose profits the powerful few who control the government do not exact a very large share in the shape of taxes. If a man be protected in life and property, can get justice when he needs it, be not subject to cruelty and maltreatment, and be left in undisturbed possession of nearly all his earnings, he will not be distressed at the fact that he is ruled by an autocrat. If the government afford him no protection, occasionally abuse him, and regularly tax him till he can scarcely live, it will not content him to reflect that he is a citizen of a republic, that everybody knows more than anybody, and that he is allowed from time to time to designate on a piece of paper which he drops into a box the names of those of his fellow-citizens whom he is least unwilling to intrust with the duty of neglecting his protection and absorbing his earnings.

This so-called political progress has been a constant fight on the part of the weak many to protect their earnings from the powerful few. These revolutions have been more fiscal than political. Practically all the political power in England has been absorbed by the House of Commons, but for centuries almost the only function of that body was to protect the pockets of the people from royal rapacity. The people knew nothing and cared nothing about popular rights. They had no dream of popular government. They bowed submissively to the divine right of kings,—except in financial matters. They had no programme of legislation. They cared nothing about foreign policies. But the money they earned they wanted to keep. If they gave up any of it to the king, they wanted to have some voice in fixing the amount and the disposition. The rank and file of French revolutionists were hungry men and women who rose in fury against a king and court that absorbed the earnings of a nation and wasted money with almost inconceivable prodigality, while the poor millions of toilers from whom it was wrung went cold and famished. The American colonists were generally attached to England and the English monarchy. Had their earnings been left alone they would have remained loyal. Parliament touched their pockets, and they rebelled. In the constitutional convention of

1787 Gouverneur Morris said, "Not liberty,—property is the main object of society. The savage state is more favorable to liberty than the civilized, and was only renounced for the sake of property."

But the political element in all these struggles for freedom has attracted the most attention. It is that element that it is the easiest to grow eloquent over. The political result has been more conspicuous, and often it has been considerably more important, than any other result. It has become customary, therefore, to speak of liberty as though it were the sole object of all these struggles and sacrifices, and the other ameliorations that have followed as the results of liberty. Champions of liberty have generally represented her as the mother of good wages, profitable investments, active demand for laborers, and even the fertility of the soil. There are Americans in politics, and therefore described as statesmen, who believe that wages are higher in the United States than in Europe, returns to capital more abundant, and the scale of living more liberal, because for a century we have been electing Presidents every four years and representatives every two years, and call our distinguished men "colonel" instead of "count," and "judge" instead of "baron."

We have been brought up to think that about all the economic benefits man can expect in this imperfect world will evolve themselves if he will only govern himself after the fashion of a republic. There is some excuse for the idea. When we speak of a republic, we are always thinking of our own, which has been a brilliant financial success. The unrestricted monarchs of former centuries were wont to tax men heavily. Of course it was natural to assume that if the people who paid the taxes controlled the government they would tax themselves little. Taxation in our own country has generally been a good deal lighter than in the Old World, and whether taxes are light or heavy makes a vast difference to the industries of a country. Then, too, the kings used to try to manage the business of their subjects, and they did not do it well. They forbade the exportation of gold and silver; they compelled corpses to be laid out in woollen shrouds in order to make business for wool-raisers and manufacturers. An idea of this latter variety would readily take root in Ohio; but for the most part this idea of the duty of the government to take care of the business of its people has been outgrown. At a time when the whole industrial community was suffering from governmental intermeddling, our ancestors naturally came to the conclusion that if government and law would only let the whole commercial and industrial world alone, and allow every man to take care of himself, there would be no longer any trouble. That belief, inherited by all of us, most of us still hold.

The commercial and industrial world, therefore, has been thrown open to individual enterprise with the scantiest possible restrictions. Society has declared that a man shall not acquire wealth by virtue of superior strength, if he use that strength in knocking down and robbing some lawful possessor. It has thrown a few restrictions around the acquisition of wealth by virtue—or vice—of intellectual superiority. But these are very few. They exclude forgery and some of the grosser kinds of swindling, but a sharp man may get a stupid man's wealth away from him with impunity in almost any way short of physical violence. Of course this is a fair fight, and the best man—that is, the best man for fighting—wins. We have come to accept this as a law of nature and also as a law of God. Can we not find it said in the Bible that to them that have shall be given? Religion is reinforced by science, for the latter teaches the survival of the fittest. In business the fittest survive. The men who are best qualified to wield power in accordance with their own interests get power and keep it. What could be in more perfect harmony than that with the science of the day?

In government we have abolished the free fight in which the best man wins, the struggle which only a few of the best armed survive. The result of that sort of thing was tyranny, and the many, who were individually weak, combined, and decided that, as it made a good deal of difference to them who held the reins of power, they would determine to whose hands those reins should be from time to time committed. The persons marked out by nature for rulers, the men who were born leaders and commanders, were the men who controlled governments under the old plan of a fair fight and the winnings to the hardest fighter. The hardest fighter—that is, the one who was fittest to survive—did win, but he promptly became a tyrant. We have found it more comfortable to be governed by a President, a Cabinet, and a Congress of mediocrities than by one colossal political genius, not because they govern better, but because on the whole we can make more money and have a better time under them. We have borrowed from armies and courts names to give to our successful and powerful men of business. We call them "merchant princes," "captains of industry," and "rail-road kings." These are good terms. It may be worth while for us to think what they mean. We commonly think of these men as very rich men; but that is a private and inconsequential matter. It is because they are very powerful that they are worth some attention.

All the conditions of the present economic world are favorable to the creation of men of immense monetary power. Owing to inventive genius and the utilization of steam, all manufacturing, all transportation, nearly all mining, much general business, and some agriculture,

can only be carried on by very rich men, or by a number of tolerably rich men in association. Capital is power, and the economic world is so organized at present as to afford men endowed with wealth-creating faculties unusual opportunities for acquiring this kind of power, so organized also as to make a considerable amount of this power an essential precedent condition to success in many lines of production and commerce. Of course this necessity for capital in large quantities reduces the number of those who can engage in the free commercial fight from which only the fittest—to fight—are to emerge. This restriction of numbers affords a great advantage to the contestants. The powerful, being comparatively few, can do a great deal towards dulling the edge of competition among themselves, and so save their strength for the conflict with the many. The law encourages this by making the organization of stock companies as simple as possible. A joint-stock company is a device for enlarging opportunities for making profits and at the same time lessening liabilities. Undoubtedly it is a valuable thing. By it men have accomplished feats that would have remained undone. Three men wish to go into the business of making shoes. Each of them has capital enough to employ five hundred workmen. If they went into business separately, they would compete with each other in their efforts to get laborers and customers. The result would be a tendency towards high wages, low prices, and small or no profits. Perhaps they would not dare to go into partnership with each other, but they organize a stock company. There is then no competition for laborers or market. They fix wages as low as necessity will compel the workmen to take, and they fix prices as high as necessity will compel customers to pay. Of course their chances for making money are much greater than they would be if they had gone into business severally. If the competition with other makers even more favorably situated drives them into bankruptcy, they lose only what they have put into the business. It should be said, however, that the application of large masses of capital to manufacturing reduces the cost of production, and in most lines of manufacturing there is sharp competition among the capitalists,—so that, however the working-people fare, the customer generally finds himself able to buy at reduced rates.

A recent writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* says, "Industrial concentration, above all, is the rule of the age. Steam has extinguished handicrafts, and, as steam-power is most economically applied on the largest possible scale, its every development aggravates the general tendency to aggregation, to the concentration of business in larger and larger establishments, the extinction one after another of the smaller. Trade after trade is monopolized, not necessarily by great capitalists, but by great

capitals. In every trade the standard of necessary size, the minimum establishment that can hold its own in competition, is constantly and rapidly raised. The little men are ground out, and the littleness that dooms men to destruction waxes year by year."

It is unnecessary to particularize: the illustrations of this aggregation of pecuniary power are all around us. Each manufacturing establishment represents a great aggregation, managed absolutely by one man, or by a majority vote in a small board of directors. All the factories of the same kind in the same region, sometimes in the United States, are united in a pool, or some variety of trade association, to prevent competition among themselves and to increase their power over their employees and their customers. Three or four trunk lines between the grain-fields of the West and the seaports of the East are supposed to be competing lines; their managers, who are absolute monarchs of the stockholders' property, make an agreement as to the rates they shall charge, and divide the business in accordance with a fixed scale. One man decides whether a thousand men shall have employment or not. Half a dozen men vote whether ten thousand men shall have a dollar a day or only ninety cents. A railroad company has competition at certain points on its line; at others it has none. At the points of competition it hauls freight at less than cost, and makes up the average by charging exorbitant rates at the non-competing points, with the result of building up one city and destroying another. It charges more for hauling goods over a part of its line than for hauling them over the whole line. It pays a steamship company a million a year not to compete with it; it enters into a bargain with a manufacturer to charge an unreasonable price for bringing goods that compete with his products, thereby applying the "protective" system between one portion of the country and the rest; it charges a man who sometimes patronizes a public canal one rate and the man who binds himself never to use the canal another rate, thereby attacking the value of public property, in which every citizen is a stockholder. Whether the farmers of the Northwest shall get two or three millions more or less for their crops is decided by three or four railroad majesties at a private meeting in a remote city.

It is possible that all these decisions are right, are for the best interest of the public. But what the public knows is that these monetary kings and princes have ample power to decide adversely to the public interest, and have no motive to decide adversely to their own interest. All nations of the Western world have shown a profound distrust of political kings and princes, even when the kings and princes declared to their subjects that they were actuated only by a regard for the public weal. Human nature is the same, high and low, ancient and

modern: it is selfish. The multitude has refused to trust itself implicitly to the political kings, and it will by and by refuse to trust itself to the monetary kings; not because they are worse than other men, but because they are no better. Of course we have learned that the public welfare is best cared for when every man acts for himself; but the public has learned better than that in political affairs, and it is learning better than that in industrial affairs. Self-interest is a good regulator for the powerful; but how about the weak, who have no chance to consult their self-interest? or the ignorant, who do not know what it is? The revolution which should give these latter some voice in the control of industrial affairs would be no greater than the revolutions which have already given them a voice in the control of political affairs.

The growth of labor organizations is one of the most noteworthy signs of the times. The powerful have succeeded in largely reducing the severity of competition among themselves, but they are very confident that the weak ought not to do anything to reduce the bitterness of their mutual competition.* They deeply deplore the spectacle of laboring-men working, or not working, not according to their own judgment, but according to the orders of some chief. Well, possibly it is very sad; but how much more influence has an individual stockholder in the Western Union Telegraph Company or the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the policy of that company than a single mechanic or operative has on the action of his trade-union? We are told that labor organizations meet in secret and the members are oath-bound. This is often true; but who ever heard of a board of directors who met in public, or who talked freely with the reporters about the business transacted or the schemes proposed? The capacity for organization, the willingness to sink some measure of individualism for the common good, is the foundation of all civilization and all political advancement and the condition of all combinations of capital. But when something of the same kind is tried by laborers, they are learnedly and sadly informed that they are reverting to a backward and primitive condition, are resuming the tribal status, and that unrestricted individualism is the spirit of the age, and every man for himself is its motto.

Of course every person who has been prosperous under the present organization of business and industry is perfectly satisfied; and if he has been very prosperous, he cannot conceive of any reason why fault should be found with the present industrial world. To him every per-

* Professor Hadley well says, in the November *Andover Review*, "If the law regards the 'pool' with disfavor, it regards most of the manifestations of trades-unionism with absolute hostility."

son who has not succeeded has deserved to fail because he was not smart, and only the smart have any rights; every person who finds fault with the present condition of things is an idiotic or criminal communist, who wants to get plenty of whiskey and tobacco without work, and who has wild dreams about the equal division of wealth and the abolition of private property, government, morals, and everything else except appetite. Equally abhorrent would advocates of democratic government have seemed to the kings and courtiers of the sixteenth century. Those who have fared well under the present industrial, like those who fared well under the old political, régime are unable to understand why any rational person should want a change. Are not the persons who attain success in this present world those who are best qualified to succeed? Undoubtedly. If you abolished all government and threw the political world open to free competition, success would be attained by those best fitted for it,—that is, by the natural-born kings and generals. Oh, well, it is said, that is very different. In politics the weak many have combined to protect themselves against the strong few; but in business everything is different. It is different; but possibly it will not always remain so extremely different.

A political republic is a state in which all citizens have not equal influence, nor equal power, nor equal capacity, but in which the great body of citizens have a certain measure of control over the government, to such an extent that there is no absolute power, and the wishes and convictions of the majority cannot long be defied. That will help us a little to guess what an industrial republic might be like. We have never seen an industrial republic: therefore we do not know how one would look. Popular governments were established in great measure by men who could not have told how a republic would look, or what would happen in republics. The authors of our own Constitution were afraid to trust the election of the President to the common people, and imagined that they had prevented it. All the same the people got that power so easily that it has never been deemed worth while to amend the Constitution in accordance with the facts, and they have selected a pretty fair set of Presidents. There is nothing in the most revolutionary social programmes that can seem to us much wilder than our own political axioms seemed to the subjects of kings who ruled by the divine right. The Czar of Russia does not see any reason why the government of Russia should be changed and his own powers reduced. What could have seemed more preposterous in Europe a century and a half ago than the idea that every man, rich or poor, wise or ignorant, good or bad, should sustain or overthrow governments by giving votes of exactly equal weight? Thomas Carlyle, living in the last half of the nineteenth

century, never got reconciled to the idea. Antecedently, there is nothing more wild and absurd in the idea of an equal division of property. The revenues of France under Louis XIV. and Louis XV. were the revenues of the king. He spent what he pleased for his army and navy, and what he pleased for his table. It was the business of no one but himself. Taine tells us that the idea of treating this revenue as a public revenue, out of which the king was to have an allowance, while the rest was to be used only for the purposes of the state, would have seemed as wild and revolutionary as the idea that a portion of a millionaire's income should be assigned to him and the rest turned into the public treasury would seem to us. We talk about vested rights. There are none. Institutions are for man, and not man for institutions. No vested rights, according to our notions, are more sacred than the rights of land-ownership. The most conservative body of men in the world when property rights are touched is the British Parliament; and yet that body has twice in the last half of a generation passed laws restricting Irish landlords in fixing their rents, restrictions that have reduced the value of the property affected several millions of pounds.

But the political republic is not anarchy, and the industrial republic will not be chaos. There are differences of political power in the former; there will be differences of pecuniary power in the latter. In the former the political powers are in the main exercised for the good of the whole community, instead of for the good of a king, a court, and an army. Economic power will be exercised in the industrial republic for the general good, and not exclusively for the comfort of captains of industry, merchant princes, and railroad kings. That will mark the difference between an industrial republic and an industrial despotism.

Many enterprises now carried on by individuals for their own benefit may have to be carried on by the community for its benefit. But, it is said, the state cannot carry on these things as advantageously as private individuals and corporations. Perhaps that is true; but it doesn't settle the matter. If the liberality or extravagance of state management is less than the profits of private management, then the state management may be the more economical for the public. A stock company may make gas more cheaply than a municipality, but the municipality may supply the gas at lower rates than the corporation. Very few of our cities would submit to have their water-supply in the hands of a private corporation. Among English cities it is not uncommon for the municipality to furnish the gas and a stock company the water. There is no "sphere" of government. What the community wants and

can supply most economically is a proper subject for the control of the community. Probably it will always be advantageous for railroads to be operated by private companies, but it may be found desirable for the state to own the tracks, as it owns other highways, and lease the use of them. There is always and essentially the element of monopoly in railroads, because with them location is an element. A cotton-mill in Georgia may compete perfectly with a cotton-mill in Massachusetts, but no two railroads can compete perfectly with each other unless they run side by side, touching exactly the same points. Even then the bankruptcy of one line would not drive it out of business.

It may be necessary for the state to resume its original functions as the exclusive landlord; but this is not certain, or necessarily an end in view of those who seek to bring about the industrial republic. Ownership is not essential to induce men to expend their labor on land. Even in our own country men expend labor and money freely on leased land, both agricultural and urban: all that is needed is security of tenure. Land is constantly increasing in value, not on account of what the owner does, but on account of what the occupier does, and on account of what the people around do. If a landlord does anything to promote the industries of a community, he only does what a tenant does; as a landlord he does nothing except to tax the producers. He may be, and often is, a non-resident, or, if he lives in the community he taxes, he may not invest one cent in the employment of labor or the development of production. State ownership on a small scale is already in operation in this country. There are cities that hold real estate for the benefit of the school fund. The increasing value of the real estate is due to the industry of the entire community, and in these cases the entire community gets the benefit thereof, because by whatever amount the rentals contribute to the support of the schools the taxes are reduced. If these cities owned all the land they occupy, the rentals might be largely reduced and yet yield enough to supersede taxation entirely and afford a liberal sum for municipal improvements. There are various ways in which the change could be brought about without seriously molesting what we call vested rights. If such legislation as the last Irish land act can be secured in a political monarchy, loaded down with traditions and governed by wealth, what may be done in a political republic, for the most part devoid of traditions, resting on universal suffrage and the maxim of the greatest good to the greatest number? "The profit of the earth is for all," said Solomon, among whose subjects no landless class and no great landlord class could exist, for land was inalienable.

These are only suggestions. The industrial republic may not touch

land-titles, or do more than to regulate in a very general way railroad management. Political liberty has been secured by men who fought for it first and learned what to do with it afterwards. The laboring multitude, weak individually, but strong when united, has greater hardships to rebel against than the hardships which have caused some revolutions. There will be no insurrection, for the acquisition of political rights has removed the necessity for appealing to arms. Year by year the armies of laborers and mechanics are perfecting their organizations and developing their strength. Gradually the working-men, and the anti-monopolists, and the socialists, and like bodies, are showing more and more political strength. They are doing a good many foolish things and saying some wild ones; but we inherit our political liberties from men of whom the same might be said. There is no occasion for being greatly alarmed. No economic revolution can be more radical than the political revolutions that have occurred within a century and a half. Again and again we hear the alarmists shrieking that the foundations of society are to be shaken; but the foundations stand it, and the superstructure, instead of falling into a shapeless ruin, merely undergoes repairs which we of to-day have no trouble in recognizing as vast improvements. The most serious objection for years to any increase in the field of governmental operations, to any combination of economic with political powers, has been the thoroughly partisan character of the nation's service. Within twenty-five years this service will entirely cease to be partisan. The nation's employees will be the servants of the nation, and not of a party, and it will then be found practicable for the people of the United States and of the several States to do many things for themselves which they now leave to a few individuals with the result of building up vast private fortunes out of which the community gets little or no good. The bounties of nature and the smallness of our population in comparison with the continental area of our territory have protected us in a considerable degree from the economic troubles that have afflicted European countries. We have attributed this protection to our form of government, instead of to our public resources. As our country grows older it approaches the economic condition of the Old World, and the troubles there experienced begin to appear among us. We thought our ballot-boxes were amulets to keep them away. We thought the words "manhood suffrage" would exorcise them. We were mistaken. When economic ills press us more closely, we shall recognize the fact that we must seek not political but economic remedies. Then we shall gradually alter our industrial organization, till in the course of years we shall find we are living in an industrial republic, having in the period of transition got rid of a great

deal of economic rubbish, just as our ancestors got rid of a great deal of political rubbish,—having done, like our ancestors, a good many unwise and some wrong things, and having destroyed a good many so-called corner-stones of human society, which were found to be only additions to the weight and not at all to the strength of the social structure; and as the result of all this we shall be vastly better and more comfortable. But nobody will then have such immense power in the commercial and industrial world as a good many men have now, and for them and their heirs the change will be inconvenient, just as the popular uprisings in Europe during the last fifty years have thrown a good many kings out of employment and doomed a good many heirs-apparent to pass their lives in the ranks of ordinary humanity.

Fred. Perry Powers.

RETROSPECT.

THE sallow sun lay on the fading hills,
 Fanning his hot brow with the evening breeze.
 A few more circuits, and the year is run.
 How shall I know if love is lost or won,—
 How know what day may bring till day is done?

There is a road as still as buried life,
 Which I have trodden to its outmost rim;
 No sound clangs silence round me as I pass,
 No crickets chirping in the short, dry grass,—
 Naught but a wailing wind which shrills—alas!

There are two silences which hush their way:
 One springs of deathless thought grown tired of love,
 One lies with thoughtless death, gaunt, haggard, lean.
 How shall I know which silence lies between
 The trackless roads of the unseen and seen?

I look until my eyes are strained and dim;
 I listen till the silence rings with pain.
 I may not find a rose grown in the deep,
 But I can gather poppies while you reap,
 And winds which wailed alas! may whisper—sleep!

Marion Manville.

A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER.

CHAPTER XXI.

JACOB DECLINES TO STRUT.

IT is difficult for one who is perpetually smarting under a sense of injustice to be just in his judgments upon his fellows, and Jacob had undoubtedly been too severe in assuming that Dick Herbert neither knew nor cared whether his wife were happy or not. This, as it happened, was a question to which Dick had devoted a good deal of thought; and truly concerned was he at being compelled to answer it in the negative. For Hope had lately reverted in some measure to that irritable and capricious humor which he had borne with so much equanimity during the time of their betrothal. She turned upon him, every now and then, with some sharp little sarcastic speech which he had done nothing to provoke, and her subsequent repentance for such behavior was no security against a speedy repetition of it. This puzzled Dick, who had all his life been able to deal satisfactorily with every variety of male character that he had come across, but had small experience of the other sex. When a man was snappish and out of sorts he simply left him alone, which was, of course, the only rational thing to do, and by dinner-time, or at latest by the following morning, it was all right again. But, somehow or other, this mode of treatment did not seem to answer with Hope, and he could only suppose that the dose was not strong enough to be effectual. Of men he knew as much as most people, and of horses, dogs, and other animals a great deal more; but his estimate of women was based chiefly upon hearsay; and, having always been given to understand that in the hour of ease they are uncertain, coy, and hard to please, he bore Hope no ill will for being subject to a natural law, and was ready to believe that she would display all the qualities of a ministering angel, should an occasion with which he was not eager to provide her arise to call for them.

However, he thought he had better remove himself out of her sight for the time being: so he made arrangements to spend a week or two, shooting, at the houses of different friends, and said nothing about them until they were completed. November was then drawing towards a close; a few frosty nights had brought the leaves down in thousands from the trees, and, since Dick had not yet shot his best coverts, it seemed unnecessary that he should go farther afield in search of sport.

This was what Hope pointed out to him when he announced his projected departure; but he answered that the Farndon coverts would doubtless be done justice to by Cunningham, who was still in the house, and by the brother officers whom he would, of course, ask over from Windsor.

"But surely they will think it rather odd that you should not be here," objected Hope.

"I expect they won't grumble much, so long as there are plenty of pheasants," said Dick, cheerfully; "and you and Carry can do the honors."

"Don't you think," suggested Hope, after remaining silent awhile, "that Captain Cunningham has been rather a long time here? I wonder it does not strike him that he ought to give some one else a treat."

Dick raised his eyebrows. "Why, I thought you and Cunningham hit it off so well," he remarked.

"Why should you be so anxious to go away?" Hope asked, suddenly changing her ground.

Dick was very near answering, "Because I am sure that you will be glad to get rid of me;" but he thought better of it, and only observed, "One can't always stick in the same place."

"Do you *want* to go?" Hope persisted.

To this her husband made no reply, because, as a matter of fact, he did not want to go; and she, drawing a little nearer to him, laid her hand timidly on his arm, and said, "I wish you would stay, Dick!"

Dick remained silent, frowning and smiling at the same moment, and wondering whether it was the part of a wise man to yield to feminine caprices; but he ended by saying, "I may as well keep to my plan, I think. I don't like throwing people over, after accepting their invitations, and you can all get on pretty well without me, I fancy."

If he expected to be further entreated, he met with the disappointment that he deserved; for Hope at once turned away, remarking, coldly, "Very likely you are right. You will be back before Christmas, I suppose?"

To which he replied, "Oh, certainly; before then." And nothing more was said about the matter.

To make a hesitating request and meet with an unhesitating rebuff is always a disagreeable experience, and what rendered it the more so in the present instance was that, upon further reflection, Hope really did not know why she should have pressed her husband to remain at home against his will. She had not seen so much of him since their arrival at Farndon as to feel lonely without him; and, indeed, the only trial

that his absence was likely to bring upon her was that Carry would be certain to say, "I told you so!"

Carry, however, was too magnanimous, or too indifferent, or too busy with her own affairs, to indulge in that cheap triumph, and after Dick had gone away things went on very much as before. The neighbors continued to call; Captain Cunningham and Miss Herbert continued to ride about the country together; and one or two large shooting-parties took place, which Hope did not feel called upon to grace with her presence. She might, perhaps, have found the time hang rather heavily upon her hands had it not been for Jacob Stiles, whose task of educating the bay mare was soon completed, and who, at Hope's request, accompanied her the first time that she made trial of her new acquisition. He was evidently so gratified at being asked that she repeated her invitation a second and a third time, thereby scandalizing the head coachman, who, however, was old and discreet and kept his opinions to himself.

Jacob on horseback was not quite the same person as Jacob on foot. That aspect, as of a beaten hound, which prejudiced so many strangers against him, disappeared at such times, and he became a well-knit and not ill-looking youth, whose perfect seat and light hand no observer could fail to admire. His manner, too, gained something in confidence, and, although he was always reserved and respectful with Hope, he was able to speak to her with authority upon the management of horses, and also—which interested her more—upon that of the pencil and the brush. She spent a good many hours with Jacob, which were pleasant enough to her and blissful to him. He was in some sort a *protégé* of her own, whom nobody else cared to notice; nor was she insensible to his devotion, although she hardly comprehended the extent of it. Moreover, she was filled with compassion for him because his views of life were so dark. Not that he was given to expatiating upon these; but every now and again a phrase would escape him which exhibited his quiet pessimism in a more striking light than could have been thrown upon it by any loud lamentation or railing.

Hope did not attempt to comfort him. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and she herself sometimes thought that existence was a doubtful sort of boon. She was beginning to make a discovery which is seldom made in youth and is always painful when so made,—namely, that for the majority life must, at best, be a commonplace and uneventful affair; also that nine-tenths of the human race are neither sheep nor goats, but uninteresting mongrels. This conclusion, though a little saddening and perplexing (because it is plain that from the moment that you admit the fusion of good and evil you have taken

the first step into a labyrinth of the most abstruse speculation), had at any rate the good effect of making her more tolerant of mortal infirmities in general, and of those of a young guardsman with insufficient means in particular. It was absurd to expect too much of Bertie Cunningham, or to quarrel with him because he had not set up lofty ideals for himself. His code, no doubt, was that of his class, and how should he have learned any other? She did not see much of him,—indeed, she fancied that he purposely avoided her,—but when they met he was always cheery and friendly. He referred once or twice, in a joking tone, to his possible marriage, and as often as he did so Hope expressed her fervent desire that the lady who had never been named between them might refuse him; but at the bottom of her heart she did not think he would be refused, because she saw no immediate prospect of his giving anybody the chance of refusing him. This, perhaps, may have helped her to be tolerant.

After dinner, one evening, he informed her that Miss Herbert and he had been concocting a scheme for their own amusement and the delectation of the neighborhood. "It's subject to your approval, of course," he added; "but we were thinking that it would be rather a good thing to get up some theatricals. We could have the stage in the dining-room, and——"

"But I don't think we could very well do anything of that kind while Dick is away," interrupted Hope.

"Dick will come back. In fact, he *must* come back, because we shall want him to take a part. Besides, we can't possibly be ready until after Christmas. I shall have to leave you before then; but I can easily ride over from Windsor and rehearse. I need hardly say that you will be expected to act."

"I have never acted in my life," said Hope.

"That is of no consequence. I have, lots of times, and I'll coach you. Now, about the piece. Miss Herbert and I haven't made up our minds about that yet; but I have a fancy for 'She Stoops to Conquer.' It isn't exactly a novelty; but I know it by heart, which is a great pull; and the dresses are pretty. Do you think it would do?"

"Oh, yes, I should think so," answered Hope.

But Carry, more prudently, said, "Let us hear what cast you propose to make."

"Well, I should be Charles Marlow, because I know the part," answered Bertie. "Herbert could take old Hardcastle, and Bob West—you know Bob West, don't you?—would be glad enough to do Hastings, I dare say: he isn't particular. About Tony Lumpkin I can't quite see my way. Can you think of anybody?"

"I am not sure that I can. How do you mean to distribute the ladies' parts?"

"Oh, I don't know. What should you say to Mrs. Herbert for Miss Hardcastle, and yourself for Mrs. Hardcastle?" asked Bertie, airily. "There ought to be no difficulty in finding a Constance Neville somewhere."

He must have been very well aware that this arrangement would not meet Carry's views, or he would not have mentioned it in that off-hand manner. Seeing gathering clouds upon her brow, he proceeded to improve his position by adding, "Grand part,—Mrs. Hardcastle; in fact, I believe it might easily be made *the* part of the piece by a really good actress, such as you are."

"So I should imagine," observed Carry, dryly. "Your cast is admirable: the only improvement that I can suggest in it is that you should take Toby Lumpkin and give up young Marlow to Jacob Stiles."

"Jacob Stiles?" repeated Bertie, looking puzzled. "Can he act?"

"As well as other people who have never acted before, I dare say; and if you offered him the part you would gratify Hope, who has already stooped to conquer him. The main thing in amateur theatricals is to please the performers."

"I can answer for one performer who would not be pleased with the *role* of Miss Hardcastle," said Hope, quietly. "If I am to appear at all, it must be in some less ambitious character than that, and Constance Neville would do very well for me. You had better be Miss Hardcastle. As for Mr. Stiles, I am afraid we can hardly ask him to join us, since we don't consider him worthy of sitting down to dinner in our company."

"Mr. Stiles, as you call him, is not very likely to appreciate such fine distinctions," remarked Carry, who did not allow her wrath to be turned away by this soft answer, and who chose to vent it upon Hope, rather than upon the real offender. "However, I am not personally eager for his society, either on the stage or elsewhere."

"Oh, he's all right; artists are all right," interposed Bertie, perceiving that there was thunder in the air, and not wishing that his project should be strangled at birth. "He keeps out of sight so much that I had really forgotten he was in the house; but a sharp fellow like that ought to be useful to us. I don't think I'll give him my part, all the same; but he can have his pick of the others. Now, what are we to do about Mrs. Hardcastle? We must get somebody pretty good for that part, or we shall spoil the whole thing. I wish Mrs. Pierpoint would come! But you don't know her, do you?" he asked, turning to Hope.

"Unfortunately, I don't," she replied.

Carry, who, having obtained what she wanted, was now a little ashamed of her ill humor, said, with unwonted civility, "Would you mind my writing to her and asking her down, Hope? I don't know whether she will be able to come or not; but she is a great friend of mine: so perhaps you and she would both agree to dispense with formality for once."

The great advantage possessed by those who are habitually rude is that anything like amenity on their part is sure to meet with grateful acknowledgment. Hope declared that she would like nothing better than to make Mrs. Pierpoint's acquaintance, and the discussion was continued in a much more friendly spirit than had marked its opening.

"Will you speak to Stiles about acting, Mrs. Herbert?" asked Bertie, as he wished Hope good-night. "I really believe he would be rather an acquisition, and it might cheer him up a bit, poor chap, to come out of his den for one evening. If he didn't care about taking a part, he might help us as stage-manager. An artist should be a good judge of scenic effects."

Hope thought this very good-natured of Bertie; and she was not best pleased when, on communicating the proposed arrangement to Jacob, she was met with a somewhat brusque refusal.

"We thought you might be glad of a little amusement," she remarked.

"The jackdaw who stuck the peacock's feathers in his tail got very little amusement for his pains," answered the young man. "The other birds didn't molest him so long as he kept to himself: they only looked at him out of the corners of their eyes, and said, 'Thank God we are not jackdaws,' and strutted by. But he hadn't the sense to thank God that he was not a peacock, and so he got into trouble."

"What a wrong-headed way you have of looking at life!" exclaimed Hope. "If you go on like this you will never have a friend in the world."

"I suppose I never shall," said Jacob, sadly. "There are no jackdaws at Farndon, and I don't know how to strut. I should look very foolish if I attempted it. Don't think me ungrateful. I have no doubt that Captain Cunningham means kindly; but, even if I wished to accept his offer, I could not. Mr. Herbert would not like it."

"You are quite mistaken——" Hope was beginning, but he interrupted her with a quick motion of his hand and a smile.

"No, indeed: I don't speak without knowledge. You are too kind and good to understand; and even you, if I told you all——but I won't tell you all,—at least, not now. Mrs. Herbert," he went on, with more

animation, "I am a poor hand at expressing myself; but I should like you to know how much I have felt your kindness. As you say, I shall never have a friend, and to talk about friendship between you and me would be absurd; but if ever I can serve you in any way, great or small, and if you will let me know of it, you will confer the truest favor upon me that it is in your power to confer. I see by your face that you think that an exaggerated way of speaking. It is not exaggerated. I mean what I say, quite literally; and all kinds of things are possible. A day may come when you may want help, and when even I may be able to help you."

"Then help us with our theatricals," returned Hope, laughing.

In truth, she did think Jacob's language a little too high-flown, and his manner, even more than his words, affected her with a vague feeling of uneasiness.

"I won't press you to act, since you dislike it, Mr. Stiles," she went on; "but you might give us the benefit of your advice as to dresses and scenery, and so on."

"That I will do very gladly," answered Jacob. "Miss Herbert will snub me; but I am accustomed to that, and there will be no need for me to show myself on the night of the performance. Only one thing I want to ask you, Mrs. Herbert. Would you mind calling me Jacob instead of Mr. Stiles in future? Both names are equally hideous; but the second gives offence to some people, and the first doesn't. If I am to walk among the peacocks for a time, nobody shall say that I have borrowed a feather of their plumage."

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. PIERPOINT IS PEREMPTORY.

PRETTY little Mrs. Pierpoint wrote a pretty little note to Hope, expressing her thanks for the invitation that she had received, and her willingness to undertake the part of Mrs. Hardcastle, or any other that might be assigned to her. She said that she felt as if she were already well acquainted with her future hostess, of whom she had heard so much from two of her most intimate friends,—Carry Herbert and Bertie Cunningham,—and only regretted that other engagements would prevent her from reaching Farndon until within about a week of the date fixed upon for the theatricals. She hoped, however, that the play would not suffer on that account, as she meant to study it carefully in the mean time.

The same post brought a brief missive to much the same effect from Dick. He, too, did not see his way to being at home before Christmas eve, but had found a copy of Goldsmith, was committing a stated portion of dialogue to memory every night and reciting it before the looking-glass the next morning, and expected to know his part perfectly by the end of the year. Wished to be informed whether he would be required to shave off his moustache. Would prefer to retain it, for choice, and had heard that there was some dodge of gumming it down, so as to render it invisible beyond the foot-lights, but was ready to make any sacrifice in the interests of art and the drama.

"It looks to me as if we were positively courting disaster," remarked Hope, after she had read the substance of these two letters aloud at the breakfast-table. "We shall all be scattered abroad until the last moment, and when we assemble we shall find ourselves more abroad than ever."

"It will go right enough, you'll see," answered Bertie, confidently. "The great thing is not to be nervous; and I don't think any of us suffer in that way. Besides, there are only two absentees, after all, and the rest of us must set to work to rehearse immediately."

That much was soon accomplished by means of a little decision and energy. The household brigade was able to furnish a Tony Lumpkin, the other subordinate characters were procured from the neighborhood, and in the course of ten days or so a very fair degree of proficiency was arrived at. Jacob Stiles acquitted himself of his functions to the general satisfaction, his suggestions with regard to grouping and properties being thoroughly artistic and hampered by no dread of expenditure,—insomuch that it was evident that, whether the acting were first-rate or not, the piece would be put upon the stage in a style calculated to astonish a country audience. His manner, moreover, was so quiet and unobtrusive that even Carry did not feel it necessary to put him back in his place more than once or twice a day.

Carry herself was somewhat subdued at this time. Her naturally imperious temper seldom asserted itself, and, when it did, was quelled by a word from Bertie Cunningham, who ordered her about unceremoniously and criticised her performance without mercy. Her only wish was to please him, and this she showed so plainly that Hope, little as she liked her sister-in-law, could not help feeling sorry for her. It is said that women have no great sympathy with one another, as a rule; but there is one particular way in which no woman likes to see another ill used,—unless, of course, she be a rival. In the present case there could not be any such cause for enmity, and Hope could almost have found it in her heart to do something towards bringing about the ill-

assorted match which had been contemplated, now that there seemed to be so little probability of its ever taking place. When duty or pleasure (which of the two it was did not quite clearly transpire) took Bertie away, the two women became, if not friendly, at least less intolerant of each other. Perhaps the elder was not insensible to the younger's complaisance in yielding the chief character in the play to her without a murmur; perhaps also she may have admitted to herself that Hope had yet a further claim upon her gratitude, since it was not to be supposed that any one could really prefer the society of Jacob Stiles to that of Captain Cunningham.

Be this as it may, Dick, on his return home for Christmas, found the peace appropriate to the season reigning in his household, together with as much of good-will as could reasonably be looked for. His meeting with his wife occurred in the presence of the servants, where demonstrative affection would have been out of place; and it is not unlikely that Hope had thought of this when she hurried out into the hall to welcome the wanderer back. Nevertheless, the calm, matter-of-course manner in which he accosted her chilled her a little. He was, as usual, good-humored and imperturbable; he had no account to give of his doings during the past few weeks, nor, apparently, any curiosity to be informed as to those of his wife. The only question that he asked referred to Carry and Bertie.

"How are they getting on?" he inquired. "Any sign of coming to the point?"

"None whatever, that I can see," replied Hope. "They were always together while he was here; but it seems to drag, somehow. To tell the truth, I don't think he is behaving very well."

Dick merely shrugged his shoulders, and presently went away to his study. Hope saw him no more until just before dinner, when it appeared to strike him that it would be at least civil to express some interest in his wife's health, for he entered her dressing-room while she was putting the finishing-touches to her toilet, and said, "I hope you have been quite well all this time?"

Hope, without turning round, answered that she had been perfectly well.

"That's all right. Spirits pretty good?"

"About as good as usual, I think," replied Hope, laughing a little.

"That's all right," said Dick, again, in his deliberate way. Then he advanced to the dressing-table and laid sundry parcels, wrapped in silver paper, down upon it. "I stopped in London on my way back," he remarked, "and picked up these at the jeweller's. I thought you

might like to have them. They used to belong to my mother, and I sent them to be reset a short time ago."

There must be something very wrong about cats who refuse fish, Lord Mayors who do not care to accept a baronetcy, and women who have no love for jewels. Hope, fortunately for herself, was not abnormal to that extent. She opened the velvet cases, giving utterance to little cries of delight as, one after another, the glittering clusters and sprays of diamonds revealed themselves. "Oh, Dick!" she exclaimed, "how lovely! Why did you not tell me that I was going to have all these beautiful things?"

"Because I wanted to have the pleasure of seeing you look as you are looking now," he answered.

"How am I looking now?" she asked, and turned quickly towards the glass, which reflected back a beautiful young face, with laughing lips, dimpled cheeks, and eyes sparkling like the diamonds that they had just been gazing upon. She started at the sight of her own image: assuredly that was not her face of every day, nor anything resembling it. With a sudden twinge of compunction, she jumped up, pushed back her chair, and laid both her hands upon her husband's arm, looking up into his face.

"Dick," she said, "am I generally very horrid? Am I cross and impatient without any reason?"

He replied, with that terrible truthfulness of his, "Well, you are rather,—sometimes."

Hope's eyes dropped. "I know I am," she murmured. "I can't explain why. I never used to be like that in the old days,—I mean before my father died. But now—I don't know—sometimes I feel as if there was nobody. You wouldn't understand the feeling, I suppose."

"I think I do understand, though," returned Dick, kindly. "I can imagine that I should have just the same sort of sensation in your place. I should long to get hold of Fate and punch her head; and, as that is impossible, I dare say I might relieve myself by getting a human head into chancery and punching that. But, after all, there is nothing for it but to submit to perverse Fate. Submission and pluck will pull you through; and if you haven't quite got the one yet, I know you have the other."

Possibly this may not have been the rejoinder that Hope anticipated or desired; for it did not seem to please her much, and her face grew graver. Presently, however, she smiled again, and remarked, with apparent inconsequence, "Well, at any rate, you must have been thinking a little about me when you ordered this pendant, because here are two H's

intertwined, and an anchor, which I suppose stands for Hope, and—what is that knot at the top, Dick?"

"It's—it's—a sort of a bowline," answered Dick, departing for once from the path of strict veracity. "Yes, that pendant was a little bit of additional extravagance of my own: the diamonds don't belong to the old lot. I designed it myself, and I think it reflects some credit upon a man who hasn't had much practice in that line. The anchor is meant to be emblematic of your nature as well as your name (because, you know, you are really hopeful, though you may be a little down on your luck every now and then), and the general meaning of the whole composition is, 'Never say die.'"

Hope's eyes glistened as she looked up at him. "Dick," she said, with a tremulous little laugh, "do you know that you are very funny? I am not sure that I can quite make you out; but—but—I think I rather like you."

A look of sincere satisfaction overspread Dick's features at this flattering announcement. "That's the best news I have heard for a long time!" he declared. "We always were friends from the first, and I believe we shall go on becoming better friends now till the end of the chapter."

So Hope fastened her pendant to the pearls that she wore about her neck, and she and her husband descended the stairs arm in arm, as a united couple should, starting asunder in a ludicrously guilty fashion when they were confronted by the astonished countenance of Miss Herbert.

After so promising a renewal of friendly relations, it was to be regretted that the arrival of Bertie Cunningham, Mrs. Pierpoint, and various other guests should have interposed fresh barriers between those whose duty it was to entertain them. Dick devoted himself assiduously to providing sport, in one form or another, for the men; and the task of amusing the ladies, together with the many other occupations incident to that season of the year, effectually prevented Hope from exchanging ideas with her husband from morning to night.

At her first view of Mrs. Pierpoint she could not repress a start, which was not altogether called forth by admiration of the dainty little lady, wrapped in dark sables, whose cheeks were delicately rosy from the outer air, and whose tiny white hand, sparkling with jewels, was extended to her. If that was Bertie Cunningham's notion of one who might be regarded as "a sort of a mother," he must be even more juvenile than he looked. Yet, though Mrs. Pierpoint may not have been exactly motherly in appearance, she soon showed herself to be animated by the true maternal instinct towards the young guardsman

who had arrived under her wing. Hope, watching her, saw that she was watching him, and that she viewed with approval his somewhat ostentatious attentions to Miss Herbert. Worldly she might be, and possibly mistaken as to the best means of promoting her friend's welfare; but that she was disinterested Hope felt sure. Moreover, the touch of time became more legible upon her brow in a stronger light. For the rest, her manners were charming, and at the rehearsal which took place after dinner she achieved a success due quite as much to her good-natured energy in helping others as to her really clever interpretation of the character which had fallen to her own share.

Dick's histrionic talents were not of a high order; but he was docile, and had learned his lesson very carefully, while both Miss Herbert and Captain Cunningham were pronounced to be admirable in their respective parts. The latter, indeed, received a compliment, as soon as the performance was over, which he would quite willingly have dispensed with.

"Allow me," said Mrs. Pierpoint, taking advantage of the first opportunity that offered to draw him aside, "to congratulate you. Your acting is excellent,—perhaps, if anything, too excellent."

"Thanks!" answered Bertie. "You mean something more than you say, I presume."

"Fancy your having the brilliancy to make such a discovery! Yes, I actually do. I have a deep meaning. And, now, what defence have you ready?"

"Oh, I am not so brilliant as all that comes to. I never said I knew what you meant."

"And of course you can't guess. Well, to save time, I will be perfectly explicit. You are trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Poor Carry is to be retained as a last resource, and in the mean time it is not Carry's *beaux yeux* that have induced you to stay several weeks on end in a dull country house, and to get up a play which will keep you here another fortnight at least."

"I knew you would say that," remarked Bertie, resignedly. "It's a pity that you should be so horribly suspicious; but I shall do no good by protesting. If you had seen me riding day after day with Miss Herbert, while Mrs. Herbert potted about with that artist fellow, maybe you would have believed in my sincerity."

"There is a very simple way of proving your sincerity," remarked Mrs. Pierpoint.

"Very well; but do allow me the privilege of proving it at my own time."

"It strikes me that you have parted with that privilege. You

have gone too far now to draw back, and I can't see what excuse you have for putting off any longer what must be done soon."

"And I can't see the reason for such break-neck haste."

Mrs. Pierpoint frowned. "If you are not engaged to Carry Herbert before the month of January is over, I shall think very badly of you," she declared. "To make sure of a woman's consent to marry you, and then to coolly keep her waiting until it is a question between getting possession of her money and going through the bankruptcy court, is not pretty behavior; but to use her as a stalking-horse into the bargain, to pretend to devote yourself to her in order that you may live for a short time under the same roof with her brother's wife, is—what shall we call it?"

"We need not call it anything, since the case does not exist," answered Bertie. "I'll tell you what, Mrs. Pierpoint; I don't often lose my temper; but if anybody but you had said that, she shouldn't have had a second chance of informing me that I am a blackguard."

Mrs. Pierpoint did not seem to be greatly impressed by this outburst of indignant innocence. "As if you could deceive me, after all these years!" she said. "I know you sufficiently well to be able to read you like a book, my friend, and I haven't the slightest doubt in my mind as to what has brought you here at this moment. I had my suspicions all along; but, as there is nothing like the evidence of one's own senses, I accepted Mrs. Herbert's invitation; and when I saw you stealing sidelong glances at her the whole time that you were chattering so busily to Carry, I was satisfied,—or, rather, I was dissatisfied."

"So that *what* brought you here, was it?" said Bertie, with some displeasure.

"Did you imagine, by any chance, that I came here with a view to amusing myself? Don't you think I might have found it just a shade more enjoyable to spend Christmas in London or at Melton than among a lot of people whom I scarcely know, and who have only invited me because they couldn't find anybody else to take a part in their tedious theatricals?"

"I wish you *had* spent Christmas in London, and asked me to spend it with you!" muttered Bertie, ruefully.

"You forget that you are already engaged here. And you must be still more engaged before you leave. Come, Bertie, you have chosen your fate, and it is not such a bad one, as fates go. Believe me, you won't repent of it, when once the plunge is over. Have you ever repented following my advice?"

"You have never advised me to take so momentous a step as this before. Are you so convinced that I should act wisely in marrying a

woman with whom I beg most emphatically to assure you that I am not at all in love?"

"It is a great deal too late to discuss that question now. I consider that you are bound in honor to propose to Carry. Added to which, I am certain that you *will* propose to her sooner or later. What I wish is that the matter should be settled before complications arise. You will hardly deny that complications may arise?"

"But that is just what I do deny."

"Then I can only say that I am unable to attach any importance to your denial. Once for all, are you going to do as I tell you, or are you not?"

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Bertie, in a sort of desperation. "I always end by doing as you tell me, and you are always right. Now perhaps you will be satisfied, and will kindly leave off scowling at me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

TAKING a comprehensive survey of the population of the British Isles, it must be conceded that Christmas is merry to the majority. The majority get good things, or what they consider good things, to eat at that season; they receive presents or tips; holidays are granted to them, and they enjoy themselves by dancing, flirting, boozing in public-houses, or breaking one another's heads, according as their various tastes may incline them. But to the minority who have to provide the tips and presents and pay for the festivities it is apt to be a troublous time, fraught with present anxieties and sad memories, and rendered doubly distressing by reason of the enforced joviality which must be assumed on its approach. Dick Herbert, however, was one of the exceptions which prove the rule. Having plenty of money, he was very willing to disburse it; without any personal liking for plum-pudding and mince-pies, he did not object to look on whilst others devoured those delicacies, and, although not himself a dancing man, was prepared to encourage as much dancing under his roof as might be desired by those who cared to disport themselves in that way. It was many years since Berkshire society had been entertained on a large scale at Farn-don Court; but the servants always had their ball at Christmas, and on this occasion its brilliancy was enhanced by the presence of the young mistress of the house and her guests.

Hope, after treading a solemn measure with the butler, retired to

her seat at the end of the hall, with a strong impression upon her mind that the sooner she retired altogether the more lively the proceedings would probably become; but this modest view was evidently not shared by the rest of the company from up-stairs, who showed no inclination to move, and seemed to derive much amusement from a temporary suspension of class distinctions. Bertie Cunningham, in particular, was indefatigable. Even the stately housekeeper was persuaded to jog through a polka with him, after which Hope saw him tearing round the room with housemaid after housemaid; and, from the red cheeks and delighted gigglings of these young women, she judged that he must be making himself very agreeable indeed.

By and by he found his way to her side, and said, beseechingly, "Mrs. Herbert, you'll give me a dance, won't you? I have induced them to have a waltz. They don't much like it; they would prefer to have nothing but polkas and galops; but they have granted this as a special favor to me, because I have been so affable, and I want you to dance it with me, if you will."

Hope stood up, but looked dubious. "Had you not better find a partner among the servants?" she asked. "I don't think we ought to dance together, ought we?"

"I dare say not," answered Bertie, as he placed his arm round her waist and whirled her lightly away; "but that makes it all the pleasanter. There is no pleasure in life so great that it may not be made greater by a conviction that it isn't altogether right."

"I can't quite agree with you there," said Hope, laughing.

"Ah, but you are not such a martyr to duty as I am. You don't know what it is to be harnessed and bitted and driven along the dull high-road, when you want to be galloping across country, and you can't understand the wild delight of flinging up one's heels occasionally. Not that I am really flinging up my heels now, or that I ever shall again."

Hope did not inquire his meaning: she was satisfied with the exhilaration of rhythmic movement, and was scarcely listening to what he said. But, losing breath at last, she signed to him to stop, and then he suddenly burst out laughing.

"Do look at Mrs. Pierpoint being hustled along by the coachman!" he exclaimed. "Did you ever see such an expression of suffering and conscious virtue? And, oh, isn't she calling us bad names for enjoying ourselves, instead of imitating her noble example?"

Hope, glancing at Mrs. Pierpoint, was unable to see any indication of that lady's being so unamiably employed, and said as much.

"Ah, that's because she knows we are talking about her. You

ought to have seen her a minute ago. She was looking daggers—poisoned daggers—at me.”

“I thought you were so fond of her,” said Hope.

“So I am, in a general way; but not to-night. Were you fond of your parents when they gave you nasty physic in your childhood? I wasn’t fond of mine; I positively loathed them, though I have no doubt that they did it for my good.”

“Has Mrs. Pierpoint been giving you nasty physic?”

Bertie heaved a great sigh. “Don’t speak of it!” he exclaimed. “I haven’t swallowed the dose yet, but I am going to swallow it; and when once it has been gulped down I shall feel better, perhaps. At any rate, let us hope so. In the mean time, I would rather talk about any other subject.”

But he did not seem able to talk or think of any other subject. He recurred to it, in more or less plain language, every minute, and Hope could hardly affect to misunderstand his drift. In spite of herself, she was sorry for the poor young fellow. Of course he deserved no sympathy: what he was pleased to call duty was really nothing but selfishness, and if he was now compelled to sell himself into bondage, that necessity had only been created by his own fault or his own will. Nevertheless, she could not help feeling for him in his present distress. Had not she herself passed through a somewhat similar struggle once upon a time? He remained by her side, and they danced together once more. It would have been niggardly to refuse him a favor for which he pleaded with so much earnestness.

“There!” he exclaimed, tragically, when the music ceased; “now it is all over! The old life has come to an end, and the new life is about to begin. Good-by youth; good-by liberty; good-by—hope!”

Then, as she glanced inquiringly at him, “Don’t be offended,” he said; “I didn’t spell the word with a capital H: I only meant that in a few days’ time I shall have nothing left to hope for.”

“Does that imply that you will have obtained all that you want?”

“Exactly so: I shall have got what I wanted,—unless, by some miraculous piece of luck, what I wanted should be refused to me.”

It was high time that such a conversation as this should terminate; and so Mrs. Pierpoint may have thought, for she now bore down upon the couple, and, after a few minutes, drew the reluctant Bertie away.

Hope got no further speech of him until the succeeding evening, when a final dress-rehearsal for the theatricals had been appointed to take place. These promised to prove a genuine success, thanks partly to the dexterous management of Mrs. Pierpoint, and partly to that of Jacob, who had spared no pains to bring the *mise-en-scène* up to the

high standard of excellence demanded by the taste of the present day. There was a sufficiency of antique—albeit recently-acquired—furniture at Farndon to provide all that was necessary to reproduce the semblance of an old-fashioned English parlor; there were family portraits and antlers to adorn its walls; and, finally, Jacob, being in want of some object to fill up a corner, fixed his choice upon a marble bust of some defunct Herbert, which, with its pedestal, he caused to be dragged on to the stage,—an unlucky inspiration, as matters turned out, for this bust was destined to play as dramatic a part in the performance as the statue of the Commander in “*Don Giovanni*,” and the consequences of its removal were both many and far-reaching.

However, it looked very well with a glimpse of red curtain behind it, and got into nobody's way until the rehearsal was all but finished. It was when the entire strength of the company was drawn up near the foot-lights for the final scene that the impersonator of Tony Lumpkin, who had been plunging about the stage throughout with a good deal of needless exuberance, managed to fall foul of it, and very nearly put an end to his career then and there by his impetuosity. For, starting forward to renounce Constance Neville with the clumsy gait which he conceived to resemble that of his original, he lurched against the pedestal and upset its equilibrium. Had he not at the same time upset his own, he might perhaps have been killed: as it was, he was sent sprawling upon his face, and for an instant the tottering mass of marble seemed about to descend upon Mrs. Herbert's head.

Bertie saw the danger just in time to avert it. He pushed Hope forcibly away, and at the same moment the heavy bust fell with a crash, breaking through the planking of the stage. The pedestal followed suit, and, after knocking Bertie over, rolled slowly as far as the foot-lights, most of which it smashed and extinguished. A great hubbub ensued, succeeded by general laughter and mutual congratulations. Dick was the first to notice that Bertie was still lying prone and making no effort to rise.

“Get up!” said he, employing his customary formula.

“Can't, old chap,” answered Bertie, with a faint smile. “I've broken my leg.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Dick, dropping hurriedly upon his knees beside his prostrate friend.

“By Jove, he has, though!” he muttered, presently. “That infernal pedestal must have come down upon the top of him. What the deuce do people want with busts on a stage? Here, somebody run and fetch a blanket, and we'll pass it under him. Hope, send off a groom to tell Dr. Simpson he is wanted immediately, and let him know what

has happened. We'll soon put you all right, Cunningham : only we shall have to move you into the next room. You mustn't mind a minute or two of pain."

Anybody who has either broken his own leg or seen another person's leg broken knows what the process of removal is like, and whether the pain entailed thereby is usually trifling. In Bertie's case this was accomplished as skilfully as possible ; but the pallor of his face and the drops that started out upon his forehead showed what he had to suffer during the brief transit. However, he kept his lips tightly closed, and did not utter so much as a groan, thus earning golden opinions from his host, who exclaimed afterwards, with unwonted warmth, "That's a plucky little chap ! I wish it had been the other duffer's leg instead of his. No more hunting for him this season, I'm afraid."

"Oh, if that is all !" returned Hope, to whom this characteristic expression of regret was addressed. "But is he very much hurt, Dick ? Do you think it is serious ?"

"Well, it isn't a compound fracture, if that's what you mean ; but it's a pretty bad break, I expect. However, we shall see what the doctor says."

The doctor, when he arrived, did not seem much inclined to say anything to anybody until the injured limb had been set ; but, this operation having been accomplished, he looked into the drawing-room to allay the anxiety of the little group of ladies who were waiting there.

"We shall not have to cut the young gentleman's leg off this time," he announced, cheerfully ; "but he must remain on his back for six weeks or thereabouts, and for the present, if you please, he is to be kept quite quiet."

Thus it was that "She Stoops to Conquer" was never performed at Farndon Court, after all ; and those who were to have taken part in the play, feeling that their presence was superfluous, made haste to leave. Mrs. Pierpoint went with the rest. Just before her departure she was allowed a short interview with the sufferer, and expressed her sorrow for his accident, as well as her very sincere regret that she could not stay and nurse him.

"But I don't suppose I should be allowed to do that, if I did stay," she remarked ; "and I am leaving you in good hands."

She had not the cruelty to add a word of caution, though sorely tempted to do so. If Bertie was to break his leg at all, nothing could be better than that he should do so in a house where Carry would be able to while away the slow hours of convalescence for him. On the other hand, nothing could be worse than that Mrs. Herbert should have

opportunities of engaging in the same work of mercy. "Fortunately," reflected the little lady, "Carry is quite capable of holding her prey. I should not care to dispute it with her myself. And Mrs. Herbert seems to be a good, innocent sort of woman. She won't do wrong intentionally,—if that is any safeguard."

Carry, indeed, was not slow to assert her rights, if such they could be called; and it must be owned that Bertie found her pleasanter company now than he had ever done before. She was perfectly quiet and self-possessed; she was always at his side when wanted, yet never in the way; she made friends with the trained nurse who had been sent for, and was highly commended by that functionary, while Hope was given to understand that ladies were a great trouble and hinderance in a sick-room. All of which was quite as it should have been.

The one inconsolable person in the house was Jacob Stiles, who reproached himself bitterly with having been the cause of the disaster. "You see," he said to Hope, "what a mistake it is to have anything to do with me. I am born to bad luck, and nothing that I touch can prosper. Why wasn't I the one to save you and get my leg broken?"

This was probably what Jacob felt to be the worst piece of luck in the whole business.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

"THIS," remarked Carry, in a tone of deep vexation, as she looked up from a letter that she was perusing at breakfast one morning, "is Aunt Anne all over. I expected no less of her. Never, from the day of my birth up to the present moment, has she missed an opportunity of putting me to inconvenience; and if this is to be her last request, as she assures me it will be, she will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has been consistent to the end."

"What has she been doing now?" inquired Dick.

"Really I don't quite know. Most likely she has only caught a cold in her head; but she swears she is dying, and implores me to 'come and be reconciled' to her. I was not aware that we had had a quarrel."

"H'm! You had a pretty good imitation of one, to the best of my recollection. Shall you go?"

"I suppose I must; but it is most provoking. How like her to send for me just when I am wanted at home! I don't remember that I ever before was particularly wanted either at home or elsewhere."

"And now you are wanted in two places at once. Flattering, but
VOL. XXXVII.—39

troublesome. Aunt Anne," added Dick, explanatorily, for Hope's benefit, "is the sole survivor of my mother's family. She resides in Yorkshire, and at one time there was an idea of Carry's living with her. It was then that they—didn't quarrel. The experiment was persevered with, I believe, for a week——"

"Nearly a month," interpolated Carry.

"So much as that? Anyhow, it was abandoned, and they have never met since. Aunt Anne is possessed of considerable property, and we are her nearest relatives."

"She may leave her property to you, or to a hospital, or take it with her, for anything that I care," Carry declared; "but if she is really as ill as she professes to be, some one ought to be with her, and I know it wouldn't be the least use to ask you to go."

"She wouldn't see me," answered Dick: "I offended her beyond all chance of pardon years ago by declining to marry somebody whom she had kindly picked out for me, and you see she doesn't even express a wish to be reconciled with me at this supreme moment. Probably you will find her all right, and we shall have you back again in a day or two. We'll endeavor to take care of Cunningham during your absence."

"Oh, the nurse will take care of him. If only you will abstain from bothering him, he will do well enough. And I don't think I need be long away," continued Carry, musingly. "In a week, at the outside, one ought to be able to tell how things will go."

Possibly it may have consoled her to know that Bertie, at all events, must be a fixture for many weeks to come. She softened the pain of parting for him by an assurance that she would be with him again very shortly; and the invalid, whom a feverish and restless night had left indifferent to all that might take place outside the four walls of his room, murmured what was fitting in reply, without much animation in his tone. He had almost, if not quite, forgotten that he had been upon the brink of proposing to Miss Herbert before he had created a diversion by pulling a bust down upon himself, and felt neither joy nor sorrow at her departure.

This unnatural apathy, however, lasted no longer than the sleeplessness to which it was due, and in a few days' time he was able to hear with a distinct sensation of pleasure that Carry would be prevented from redeeming her promise of a speedy return. Her aunt Anne, it appeared, was suffering from an attack of bronchitis, which the doctors believed must end fatally, but, with glaring bad taste and selfishness, was clinging to life in a manner which seemed to presage a prolonged struggle.

"She won't hear of my leaving her," Carry wrote, "and, as the first thing she said to me was that she had made a will in my favor, I can't very well turn my back upon the poor old woman. Please tell Captain Cunningham how distressed I am that I am unable to be of any use to him in his illness, and warn him that he must be very careful not to over-exert himself and not to talk too much."

The above passage occurred in a letter addressed to Hope, and was read aloud by her to the patient, who observed, with a smile, that he didn't see how a man in his position could over-exert himself. "And as for talking, you don't give me a great many chances of doing that."

"Have we left you too much alone?" asked Hope, anxiously. "I would have sat with you longer, only I was afraid you would be tired; and indeed I believe Carry is right: you ought not to talk. Would you like me to read something to you?"

Bertie thanked her and said that he would. The truth was that he cared very little how she was employed, so long as she remained in sight. There are people whose mere presence in the room is soothing to a fretful convalescent,—whose voices and gestures are "like the melody that's sweetly played in tune;" just as, unhappily, there are others whose proximity can only suggest the idea of a discord. Bertie, lying on his back and following Hope with his eyes as she moved noiselessly hither and thither, found similes for her which quite astonished him by their gracefulness, seeing that he was not, at ordinary times, of a poetic turn. But certain circumstances will convert the veriest clod into a poet of a kind, and Bertie was powerless to disguise from himself the fact that to those circumstances he was now a prey. Probably he did not attempt to deceive himself about the matter; for according to his system of ethics it was no great sin to be in love with a married woman: it was one of those things that a fellow couldn't help.

Between being in love and declaring one's love there is, however, obviously a wide distinction; which distinction he stoutly bore in mind. And this was the more creditable because self-denial was to him an absolutely novel experience. Any one who should have told this young man that he was doing wrong in harboring feelings which afforded him so sweet a melancholy, and that it was his duty to crush them ruthlessly, would have surprised him very much indeed. His own belief was that, on the contrary, he would do himself a great deal of good by encouraging them. His thoughts about Hope were all pure, refined, and elevating; she made him feel ashamed of his past and present life, a thing which he had never felt before; he wished for her sake—though, to be sure, it would make no difference to her—that he could achieve something fit to command the admiration of his fellow-men, "like that

beggar Stiles :” there were even moments when he contemplated setting up an entirely changed standard for his future guidance,—the standard taught him by his mother with the aid of the Church Catechism ever so many years ago, and which no single human being whom he was acquainted with acted up to or thought of acting up to. However, it must be confessed that, upon mature reflection, he did not see his way to going quite such lengths as that. For the present, it seemed sufficient to form sundry good resolutions, which, at all events, could not be broken until his leg was mended.

Hope, quite unconscious of the beneficial influence that she was exercising upon her patient, thought him greatly changed for the better by the uses of adversity. His patience and cheerfulness were admirable; he never grumbled nor admitted that he was in pain; he had laid aside the little airs and affectations of a young man much sought after in society, and discoursed frankly and naturally, like the grown-up school-boy that he was. He told her all about his home and his brothers and sisters; and she, in return, spoke more freely to him of her father and her past life than she had ever spoken to her husband. The difference between Bertie and Dick was that the former was profoundly interested in everything that concerned her, while the latter evidently was not. Now, if there is one thing more than another which a young and beautiful woman is entitled to resent, it is being treated with the utmost indulgence and consideration by a man who takes no interest in her. Dick, therefore, earned very little gratitude by presents of diamonds, and not much more by taking his wife out hunting and thus utterly sacrificing his own sport. Hope, mounted on a powerful and well-trained animal, and fortified by the instructions of Jacob, did not come to grief a second time; but she had hardly experience enough to be trusted without a pilot, and when she found that Dick was determined not to leave her to her own devices she declared that hunting did not amuse her, and refused to persevere with it.

“You yourself told me that you did not think the hunting-field the proper place for a lady,” she said, in answer to Dick’s protestations, and, as he was too honest to withdraw a rashly-expressed opinion, that clinched the matter.

Some men might have thought that their wives would be safer in the hunting-field than by the couch of a fascinating youth; but Dick was not of that mind. It was into his study that Bertie had been carried on the night of the accident, and there the invalid had remained ever since, a bed having been brought down-stairs for him. Dick used to stride in thither, booted and spurred, when he returned home in the evening, and would sit for a while, listening contentedly to the light

conversation which his entrance did not interrupt. Hope had taken to painting again. Her easel had been placed in the window, so that she could work and keep the prostrate Bertie entertained at one and the same time. Sometimes Jacob Stiles was induced to descend from his lair and aid her with his counsels; but he generally rose and stole away when the master of the house appeared. Thus the weeks slipped away pleasantly enough for all the inmates of Farndon Court, and it is to be feared that not one of them regretted poor Miss Herbert, detained in Yorkshire by the exasperating vitality of Aunt Anne, who during this period had been again and again at the point of death, but had always rallied, and who maintained her hold upon her niece with a tenacity which it may be hoped, for the credit of human nature, that she would have relaxed had she known what terrible havoc was being wrought with her niece's prospects thereby.

For it is certain that before his accident Bertie had finally determined to ask Miss Herbert to marry him, and it is probable that if she had lingered by his bedside he would have carried his determination into effect. Now, however, all was changed. Providence had interfered; circumstances for which he could not be held accountable had given him a respite; and this he did not fail to represent in answer to certain anxious missives which reached him from Mrs. Pierpoint. Few and brief were the replies obtained from him by Mrs. Pierpoint; few and brief also were those which he despatched to Yorkshire, whence Carry wrote him letters of several sheets, which she did her utmost to render amusing, knowing full well that he would never read them if they were not. To any one who could read between the lines—as Bertie should certainly have been able to do—there was something not a little pathetic in the laborious jocularity of these compositions, interspersed here and there with some involuntary phrases which betrayed the writer's uneasiness; but their recipient was not touched by them; for in all the world there is no creature so hard-hearted as a lover.

It so chanced that the climate, all through that winter, exhibited itself in one of the gentlest of its many moods. A mild, moist January was succeeded by a February so warm that people who ought to have known better declared winter to be at an end, and Nature herself, always ready to be deceived by this ancient trick, began pushing forward her preparations for the coming spring as though there had been no such things as March east winds and April frosts to ruin her handiwork. But English people must take their weather as it comes and be thankful when they can. To be able to lie in an invalid-chair out of doors in the month of February is something to be thankful for when your walking-powers are in abeyance, and Bertie freely admitted as much,

adding that he would be most happy to break his other leg for the sake of spending six more such weeks as he had just left behind him.

This was said with artless spontaneity in the presence of Dick, who remarked, placidly, "What a tremendous cram!" But Hope thought it a very pretty speech, even though it were a trifle hyperbolic. She was not so selfish as to wish that their guest should pass through a second six weeks of suffering; but she would gladly have kept him with them a little longer, and was rather annoyed with the doctor for forcing the young man to begin walking as soon as he could put his foot to the ground. He himself protested that he took this first step with the utmost reluctance. "I was in hopes that I shouldn't be able to manage it," he said; "but the melancholy fact is that I am very nearly as sound as ever. And what are legs given to one for except to carry one away?"

"And to bring one back again," remarked Dick. "Windsor isn't quite at the antipodes, you know."

"No; but, after giving you such a dose of my company, I shan't venture to come over often. Besides, you will be moving to London before long, I suppose."

"So will you, for the matter of that. By the way, Hope, I was going to ask you whether you would mind running up to town with me for a couple of days next week. I have heard of a house for sale in Bruton Street which I think might do for us, and I should like you to have a look at it."

This was the first that Hope had heard of her husband's intention to set up a London establishment, and she expressed some surprise.

"I thought it would be more comfortable for you," Dick explained. "It's a nuisance having to hire every season, and I believe it costs nearly as much, in the long run, as having a house of your own. You'll excuse our leaving you for forty-eight hours, won't you, Cunningham?"

"My dear fellow, I don't think I shall be here next week," answered Bertie.

But neither Dick nor Hope would hear of his hastening his departure, and as the doctor backed them up, saying that Captain Cunningham was certainly not quite fit to return to duty yet, it was agreed that he should allow himself a further ten days of repose.

There was no fault to be found with the house in Bruton Street, nor very much with its furniture, which was to be had at a valuation and which Dick was in favor of purchasing. As to that, however, he begged Hope to please herself. If she preferred to choose her own furniture, she was at liberty to do so; but she replied, quite sincerely, that she did not care enough about the matter to take all that trouble. She might

have cared, if he had ; for she had the eye of an artist, besides a woman's natural love for pretty surroundings ; but it is dull work to have only one's self to please. Hope was satisfied to make a very brief inspection of her future London home ; having done which, she left Dick to arrange details with his lawyers, and drove off to see Mills, by whom she was received with a loud and joyful welcome. The rooms which she had once occupied were tenantless, and thither Mills conducted her, seating herself upon the edge of a chair and contemplating her young mistress with eyes of pride and contentment.

"Poor old room !" murmured Hope, gazing round her at the four walls, which somehow seemed to have contracted a little since she had seen them last ; "I was very happy here."

"How can you talk so !" cried Mills, not ill pleased. "'Twas no place for you, ma'am, and glad I am that you're out of it ; though I've missed you terrible."

Then she proceeded to make many inquiries about Mr. Herbert and Farndon Court, and was glad to learn that the flattering reports which had reached her of both had not been exaggerated. "As for your being happy, I don't need to ask no questions about that : 'tis enough to look at your face. There's only one thing more you want."

"And what is that ?" asked Hope, unsuspiciously.

"Why, a little son and heir, my dear," replied Mills, with great archness of manner. "Aren't you going to let your poor old nurse hold a baby in her arms again ?"

Hope thought this remark of Mills's in rather bad taste ; but, not wishing to take offence where none was meant, she only answered that there was no prospect of the event alluded to occurring, and changed the subject.

From Henrietta Street she had herself driven to South Kensington to exchange greetings with another old friend. Tristram was at home, and the forbidding frown which had gathered on his brow at the announcement that a lady wished to speak to him vanished when the identity of his visitor became revealed.

"You are the very person whom I wanted to see !" he exclaimed, as he shook hands with her. "What is this I hear about a young artist of the highest promise whom you are keeping hidden down in Berkshire ? I saw a few of his pictures the other day, and I give you my word that they took my breath away. What a draughtsman ! What a colorist ! Who in the world is he ? And why has he never exhibited ?"

Hope furnished the required particulars, while Tristram listened to her attentively. When she had done, "Give my compliments to your young friend," said he, "and tell him that I will venture upon a prophecy

about him. In a very few years' time he will be well on his way towards making a large fortune, and he will be the most popular artist in England."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," remarked Hope. "But why?"

"For three good reasons. First, because he can draw; secondly, because he can paint; thirdly, because, judging by such of his productions as I have seen, he has very little taint of originality in him. Just listen to this," added Tristram, catching up a newspaper which was lying beside him: "the criticism doesn't refer to your friend, but it is just as edifying as if it did. 'It is always a relief to pause before one of Mr. ——'s canvases. In his careful and admirable handiwork we find none of that undisciplined fancy, that straining after bizarre effects, that determination to be singular at any price, which so sadly disfigure modern art. Mr. —— is content to adopt the canons upheld by generation after generation of illustrious predecessors; he has had the wisdom to concede that art is governed by certain laws which no man may venture to transgress. Of these laws he has gained a thorough knowledge; by the light of them he has labored, and it is to his allegiance to them that he owes——' etc., etc., etc. I haven't the patience to read on: I don't know what it is that he owes to his allegiance to the laws of art,—the praise of this competent critic, perhaps. Who the deuce ever said that art had no laws? It is as if somebody should pompously announce that Gray is a poet and Browning isn't, because Gray happened to live at a period when poets were tied and bound by laws that were not laws of art at all, and had to amble along as best they could, like Arab horses; whereas Browning, who has had the good fortune to flourish a century later, may kick about as he pleases. I don't deny that Gray was a poet, I don't deny that this man is an artist. But, by George! I am an artist too."

Tristram was fast working himself up into a rage, and felt that it was time to desist. "Well, well," he said, "I dare say all this doesn't interest you much. But inform your young friend from me that he has a great career before him. I should say that he has as much technical knowledge as any man in England, and he possesses the priceless merit of being commonplace. Let him stick to that, and he will do. Now let us have a look at you."

He knitted his brows, scrutinizing her closely for a few seconds, and it seemed as if the conclusions at which he arrived from a study of her face were not identical with those drawn by Mills, for he ejaculated "Ha!" And then, "Have you fallen back upon painting yet?"

"I have lately," answered Hope, a little confused by his abruptness.

"I thought so. You are quite right: you will never have a better

friend than art. What sort of a life do you lead at Farndon Court? How do you employ yourself every day?"

Hope answered by giving him a list of her ordinary duties and occupations, among which she omitted to mention that of nursing Captain Cunningham. She did not wish Tristram to suppose that she was dissatisfied with her lot, and laid a good deal of stress upon her husband's kindness, giving as one instance of it the circumstance that he had just purchased a house in London for her especial benefit. But there is reason to believe that she failed in throwing dust in the eyes of her auditor, who wound up the interview by remarking, "You haven't changed, I see: your face is the same as when I painted your portrait—how long ago is it? You are still Hope. Well, you might be worse off. I suppose there can't be a great many happy people in the world; perhaps there is no such thing as happiness, and perhaps hope is the best substitute for it that exists. Do you know those lines beginning,—

*Espérance qui m'accompagnes,
Depuis qu'ensemble nous allons
A travers bois, prés et montagnes,
Ai-je jamais trouvé les chemins longs?*

They always remind me a little of you, somehow."

He followed her to the outer door and lingered for a moment, looking at her with the wistful expression which his eyes took at times. "Don't ask too much of life," he said; "but don't sink into acquiescence either. Maybe a good time is coming; and, if it isn't, what matter, so long as you can look forward to it? I'll dine with you some evening when you come up to town, if you'll ask me; and that is more than I would say to any other lady in London, let me tell you."

Hope went her way, a little perturbed by Tristram's observations, and a little ashamed that she should have allowed her thoughts to be so readily divined. The concluding stanza of the short poem that he had quoted hung in her memory as she went:

*A travers bois, prés et montagnes,
A tes côtes pressant le pas,
Espérance qui m'accompagnes,
Marchons toujours, n'arrivons pas!*

Possibly Tristram and the French poet might be right; possibly it is better to long for what will never come than to sit down in a sort of contented despair and make the best of what cannot be helped. Still, in order to taste the pleasures of hope, one should at least have some approximate idea of what it is that one hopes for.

W. E. Norris.

(To be continued.)

OUR EXPERIENCE MEETINGS.

III.

MY EXPERIENCES IN THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

I WAS born in Dundee, Scotland, March 1, 1832, and employed my early leisure in growing. My growth was not so much in height as in breadth. Though short in stature, my weight soon reached a good round figure, I developed considerable strength, and became quite a sturdy leader among my playmates.

As far back as I can remember, I always felt a keen, innate hatred for the injustice so persistently meted out to the weak by the strong; and many a youthful riot have I incited among my playmates at the discovery of some glaring piece of cruelty or oppression. "You wouldn't do that if Martin Irons was here," was said a thousand times. I have suffered frequent insult without a thought of retaliation or revenge; but when the same insult has been offered one of my weaker friends I was ready to take up the cudgels at once.

One of our neighbors had a son of large frame and brutal nature, who was proud to consider himself a "bully," and made constant raids on marbles, tops, or any other toys he might fancy that belonged to smaller boys. "Big Sam," as he was called, one day discovered several little boys in an open lot playing top. Selecting the nicest top in the ring, he coolly proceeded to walk away. The little fellows were "spunky," and showed fight; but Sam threw himself on them and pinned two to the ground. A third one came running into our yard, exclaiming, "Mart! Mart! Big Sam's got Jerry and Phil down, and is stealing their tops! come quick!" Now, Sam would outweigh me by fifteen pounds, and was larger and stronger. But I forgot everything in the moment of indignation except that Jerry and Phil were being imposed on. Catching sight of me, Sam released the boys and prepared to meet me. As I rushed upon him, he dealt me a terrible blow that knocked me down and rolled me over. Then he sprang forward to fall upon me, but his foot caught in a tangled coil of old wire, and he fell. In an instant I was up. His feet had become so entangled in the wire that he could not move them. I seized both his hands, drew them over his head as he lay on his back, and held them to the ground. I told Phil and Jerry to pound him while I held him down. I knew my advantage, and determined to cure his bullyism. Jerry and Phil

took turns at hammering him with their fists until he yelled most lustily. I let every small boy in the crowd give him a good pounding, and made him acknowledge that each had "licked" him. On his giving his promise never again to impose on a boy smaller than himself, I released him. I am glad to say that Sam kept his word, and was ever after that a resolute champion of weaker and smaller boys, and a faithful friend of mine. I always felt, however, that it was the fortunate circumstance of that snarl of wire that cured Sam; and this, too, has led me to believe that every effort in after-life which I put forth in the betterment of my fellow-men has been seconded by some providential circumstance which perchance has been the real factor in my success.

I was fourteen years of age when, with my parents, I landed in New York and saw my first Yankee and my first black man. The Yankee had sold the black man a "yaller dog" for a shilling, the dog persisted in following the Yankee, and the black man wanted the money refunded. Then the white man ran away, and the dog followed him. I soon learned this to be an old trick, played alike on black or white, and ever since I have had an aversion to a man who owns a "yaller dog."

Shortly after my arrival in New York I entered a machine-shop as an apprentice, doing the customary chores about the shop and helping the journeymen. Our foreman was a coarse, rude, and overbearing man, who seemed to think men were best ruled by profanity and fault-finding. I soon learned to hate him with all the powers of my nature, all the more because of his seeming determination to render one little, pale, cowering machinist as miserable as possible. The little man was really a good mechanic, faithful and industrious, but he trembled like a leaf before the foreman's unreasonable criticism and constant threats of discharge. The foreman had a habit of standing about six feet from the little man and glowering upon him like a personified Fury. Although I was only a boy, I determined that I would avenge the little machinist, who was a favorite with everybody save his taskmaster. Immediately over the spot where the foreman was in the habit of standing to overawe and abuse my little friend was a girder to which the shaft-hangers were attached. One day at noon, when the hands were all out at dinner, I obtained an old oyster-can and filled it with black oil from the bolt-cutter. Climbing up to the girder, I placed the can on the edge, so that a mere touch would knock it over. I then set a trigger, to which I attached a black thread. This I ran over another girder and down the wall to near where I was at work, so that the least jerk of the thread would upset the can and spill the oil. It was not fifteen minutes after the blast of the one-o'clock whistle when the foreman pounced upon my little friend like a tiger for not having a two days' job done in six hours.

The eyes of every man in the shop were turned on him as he stood there scowling and swearing. I reached for my thread, and in a moment he was drenched in a shower-bath of oil. I was working very industriously. All eyes were instantly turned to work ; no one dared to smile ; no one saw what happened but the little man, who was almost paralyzed with fear. But the profanity ceased. The foreman looked unutterable fury, but, in his rage, feeling that he could not do justice to the occasion, was speechless. Gathering a lot of waste, he wiped away as much of the oil as he could, and went to the engine-room to wash. While he was away I drew the black thread down. Though he made a careful investigation of the scene of the accident, he never discovered where the oil came from. But ever afterwards he avoided that spot and treated my little man with less cruelty. I did not delight in malicious mischief, but rather sought to inflict instructive mishaps on those whose position placed them above the reach of reason or force.

I was very painfully impressed about this time by the discovery of the treatment meted to poor women who earned their bread, and sometimes bread for several children or even a crippled husband, by plying their needle from early morning till late at night. In order to obtain work at all, they were compelled to beg from store to store for the pitiful privilege of making shirts at five cents apiece ; and their anxiety was so great that the merciless manufacturer would encourage a cut-throat rivalry among them in order to force the price lower still. Besides this, I learned that often after a poor weak woman had finished a dozen shirts the soulless employer would find fault about a few missed stitches and discount half her pay.

I shall never forget one instance that came under my knowledge. A poor young creature had been deserted by a brutal husband. She was left with a sweet little girl of fifteen months, which was pining away with consumption. Her work was binding shoes ; and by incessant toil she had kept the wolf from the door and provided for her dying babe. She had frequently moistened its parched and fevered lips with juice squeezed from an orange. One day, when she had almost completed work enough to earn fifty cents, she suddenly discovered a great change had taken place in the child. She knew it was death. One little wasted hand was lifted, as if to plead for the orange ; but orange she had none, nor money with which to buy it. Hastily summoning a neighbor to watch her babe, she ran to the store with what work was completed and told the story of her dying child. She wanted a few pennies to buy the orange before it was too late for the little fevered lips to taste again. She was refused unless all the work were completed and brought in. She hastened home, and, with flying fingers and aching

heart, completed her task. But on returning to the store she was again refused, because through her blinding tears she had missed a stitch or two. With bleeding heart she returned to the bedside of her babe. Its lips were discolored, its eyes were glazed, its spirit had fled.

When I heard the story of that mother's woe, I registered a vow to be among the first in coming years to help humanize men and debrutalize those that have power over the weak.

On another occasion, learning of a clothing-dealer who was in the habit of systematically refusing, on flimsy pretexts, to pay his seamstresses after their work was done, threatening at the same time to refuse them work altogether if they made any complaint, I gathered the evidence in about thirteen cases, employed a lawyer at my own expense, and compelled the payment of the full amount due, together with a large bill of costs. I afterwards went to the store and told the dealer that, no matter to whom he gave work, I should watch him and bring suit in every case of injustice. I never had any more complaints. This was during my apprenticeship, and, as my pay was very small, my field of operations was necessarily limited.

Once out of my apprenticeship, I left the shop where I had learned my trade, hoping to find an employer or foreman who at least recognized ordinary manhood in men. Seeing an advertisement for a machinist in a daily paper, I started out to answer it. When I arrived at the place, I found not less than twenty applicants for the position. I soon discovered that the foreman was utterly unprincipled. He had set a man to work for an hour at a job, at the end of which time another man was to take the job for another hour, and so on through the twenty,—each man being told to call again at a certain fixed time. A choice was to be made after the twenty had passed the testing ordeal. I saw that his object was to get twenty hours' work without pay, and I resolved to spoil that game at once. Leaving with the nineteen, I made an appointment to meet the unsuccessful ones at a given place after the trial-hours were over. It so happened that, as I was the last man to apply for the job, I was the last to be tried. It so happened, also, that I proved the successful applicant in the end. At the appointed time I met the other nineteen men and instructed them each to go to the foreman on the following day and demand pay for one hour's work. This they did, and were refused, the foreman claiming that they were not employed, but were simply applying for employment, during their test-hour. Next day there were nineteen suits filed for nineteen separate hours' work. The costs and lawyers' fees cost the concern over one hundred and twenty dollars. I devoted two weeks' wages to feeing a lawyer to prosecute the case, and never paid a bill so cheerfully in my

life. The foreman was discharged when the concern learned of the suits ; but it was never known that I was the instigator of the prosecution.

After working several weeks, and receiving pay regularly every Saturday night, it was announced that henceforward payments would only be made semi-monthly. No complaint arose, and all went well for several weeks, when another announcement was made that payments in future would be made once a month. I protested strongly against this, but my shopmates cowered with fear, and said that if we complained we should all be discharged. I was indignant at my employers and I was indignant at the men, but was compelled to nurse my wrath because of the slavish fear of my shopmates. My employers boasted that they were doing a cash business. They required cash, or its equivalent, for all work as soon as it was done, and yet they were forcing a loan from their employees to the end of each month for all pay earned since its beginning, and the employees dared not complain, for fear of discharge.

Thus early in my mechanical history I began to realize the fearful bondage of the white slavery that prevailed around me. I have known men to work for employers who would never pay in full, but put the men off with a dollar or two at a time, keeping them in constant fear of discharge, and threatening to black-list them if discharged ; and all the time the men were paying heavy interest on debts which the money due them would have liquidated. I have seen men begging piteously at the store for a little credit when their pay was long overdue, and who scarcely dared demand that pay, for fear of discharge. I felt a deep desire within me to emancipate my fellow-workmen from their wage-bondage, more intolerable, it seemed to me, than the involuntary bondage of the Southern black.

Disgusted with the cringing cowardice of my shopmates, I determined to seek some other field, in hope of finding more tolerant employers and more independent men. I boarded a vessel bound for New Orleans, and was soon out on the shoreless ocean, breathing an atmosphere of royal liberty that seemed unknown upon the shore. But even here I found the blight of man's inhumanity to man. The mate of the vessel, like too many of his class, was coarse and brutal. His language was revolting,—never a sentence without an oath, not even a jest without profane and obscene embellishments. On the second day of our voyage I saw him approach a sailor who was washing in a bucket of water, and with an outburst of profanity demand the bucket. "Yes, sir ; in a minute," said the sailor. Whereupon the mate seized the bucket and threw the contents in the face of the astonished sailor. I

was seized with an immediate impulse to punish the brute, and before I took a second thought had landed my fist directly under his left ear. He staggered and fell upon the bucket, the wire bail of which cut a deep gash in his cheek. All this was witnessed by the captain and the carpenter. They seized me and placed me in irons. The mate seemed to enjoy the statement that Irons was in irons much more than he did the memory of why I was placed there. After a few hours' confinement I was released; and during all the remainder of the voyage, as the men told me afterwards, the mate was more like a man than ever before. When I inquired why they submitted to such indignities, I was told that resistance would be mutiny, no matter how gross the outrage they suffered, and mutiny might mean death. Under the interpretation of law as rendered in courts of justice, when a sailor is hired by a ship's commander he is bought for the time being, soul and body.

All these things kept working like leaven in my soul; my thoughts by day and my dreams by night were about the subdued and broken spirits of my fellow-workmen. Like the youth whose "banner with the strange device" was inscribed "Excelsior," I wanted to swing out a banner on some mountain-top, with the inscription, "Emancipation for the white slaves of America and the world." Swinging banners on mountain-tops was all very nice to think about, but my rôle seemed to be more in the line of knock-down facts. So I went on my way, trying to inspire men to be more independent and self-assertive, believing as I did that manly self-respect would insure the respect of others more than truckling subserviency of spirit.

On landing in New Orleans, I was directed to Carrollton, six miles away, and there found no difficulty in obtaining employment. This time my boss proved to be a genial fellow, easy-going, but fond of liquor, which frequently unmanned him. Inattention to business had permitted disorder and dilapidation to creep in everywhere. Tools were worn out and broken down, custom was impaired, and everything was going to ruin. After a few weeks' struggling to work with broken tools, the proprietor placed me in charge of the shop and the men, and, seeing that I developed some business tact, gave me permission to put the tools in repair and bring order out of chaos. To this task I applied myself with so much energy that within a year I had a well-regulated shop, good mechanics, and contented and industrious men. But a new trouble arose. Seeing his business increasing, and feeling relief from the care of men and material, my master plunged into dissipation and gambling to such an extent as to absorb all the business profits. Pay-day frequently found him without funds to meet his pay-roll or supply material for further use. And I began to reason again. Here were

skilled and intelligent men, creators of values, recreators of earth's crude materials, coining wealth with muscle and brain, both of which are priceless, only that their coinage might be scattered or squandered by one who lent neither brain nor brawn to its production. I felt there was fearful injustice in the business economy that ordered this manifest inequality of compensation for physical and mental outlay. True, there was ten thousand dollars invested in the business. But the statutes said money should be worth not more than ten per cent. The proprietor was no doubt entitled to a thousand dollars' return on his capital. I was paid nine hundred dollars for my skill and labor for one year, which amount was ten per cent. on nine thousand dollars. Ten other men were paid an average of six hundred dollars each, which altogether was ten per cent. on sixty-nine thousand dollars. According to legislative wisdom, this was the value of our capital invested in that concern. The net product of the business, without deducting wages, was twelve thousand dollars, leaving a clear income for the owner of the capital invested in shop and tools of five thousand one hundred dollars, after meeting the pay-roll,—or fifty-one per cent. for doing nothing and simply owning the instruments with which labor and intelligence created wealth. And, seeing that wealth squandered in riot and dissipation while many of my fellow-workmen went to their homes and families in tattered garb or strove to maintain a large family in comfort on the pittance doled out to patient skill and unremitting toil, I determined to no longer lend my ability to create the means for my employer's debauchery.

I had now been for several years with this concern, and had accumulated a little means. I returned to New Orleans, and embarked in the grocery-business. Here I made the mistake that hundreds of better men have made before me. Thinking that success in machinery meant success anywhere, full of confidence in myself, I invested my money in a business the primary elements of which I had yet to learn. Between ill-advised purchases and too great a desire to sell, I soon had my shelves filled with unsalable goods and my books with unpaid accounts. I had not the heart to refuse credit to the poor who solicited a little indulgence for a few days, or until a pay-day that was always coming but never came. Any pitiful story of wrong or oppression would so enlist my sympathies that I could be imposed upon; and I learned too late that my weakness was traded upon by every dead beat within half a mile of my store. To prevent a worse fate, I sold out my remaining stock, settled with my creditors as best I could, and, with my self-esteem badly demoralized, set out for Lexington, Kentucky. Here I found employment for a time in a rope-factory, but eventually drifted

back to my own trade and found myself in a machine-shop. The men were all required to work twelve hours a day, and sometimes fifteen, receiving only the same pay per hour that was given for the standard ten hours of the day. After enduring this for several months, I began to agitate the question among the men of asking the proprietor to grant us ten hours each day and employ more men. For this purpose they appointed me a committee to present the matter to the employer. I had no sooner stated my errand to the "boss" than I was very curtly informed that he proposed to run his business to suit himself, and that any one who was not pleased with his manner of doing business could quit at his pleasure. Piqued and wrathful, I returned to my shopmates, and made my report with all the embellishments that my state of mind could suggest. The result was that each man resolved to take the boss at his word. Each packed his kit and left.

There are always a few inferior men idle who are ready to drop into any vacant place and work at any slavery that will afford them bread and beer; and our employer soon found about one-third of a force by whose aid he could turn out about one-fifth of the usual work. We succeeded in passing the word among skilled mechanics, and no good men applied for work. As a result, at the end of thirteen days the boss sent me word that we might all return to work at ten hours per day, and he would use the men already engaged to do the extra work necessitated by shorter hours.

Exasperated with the men who had "scabbed" during our strike, we refused to go to work while they were in the shop. We agreed, however, to furnish all the good men needed, and when everything was satisfactorily arranged we returned to work. This was my first strike. As Lexington was then a small place, with few machinists in it, the decreased hours of work and the increased number of men required in consequence very soon absorbed all available men and created such a demand as at once wrought increase of pay. From this time I saw that fewer hours for all meant better pay and work for all; and I have ever since continued to talk and agitate in favor of an eight-hour standard of time for working-men.

In Lexington I became an Odd-Fellow, passed the chairs, and was conductor for four lodges in the place. At thirty years of age, I wearied of Lexington, left for Louisville, and embarked on a steamer for St. Louis, Missouri. Here again I witnessed the disposition of man to oppress his fellow-men. We had engaged our passage at a given price and paid our fare; but when some hours out the boat grounded on a bar, and we were detained two days in sparring off. As finally we approached St. Louis, the captain demanded an additional

fare because we had been so long *en route* and he had been compelled to board us two days longer than he had expected. Unreasonable as this demand was, quite a number of the passengers were preparing to submit to the extortion, when I peremptorily refused and inaugurated open rebellion. The captain threatened to land the boat and put me ashore, but I defied him. Emboldened by the stand I had taken, the other passengers joined with me; and the captain finally let the matter drop.

After working a year in St. Louis, with no very startling experiences, I went to Hannibal, Missouri, where I first graduated as a full-fledged shaker of the chills-and-fever persuasion. This, it seemed, I could neither kill, cure, strike against, nor boycott; and for once I was compelled to retreat, which I did in good order, fixing my next head-quarters at Lexington, Missouri. There I worked for several years, advocating trades-unionism, eight hours for labor, anti-land-monopoly, and anti-child-and-woman-labor in the factories. These things brought me in sympathy with the Grange movement, then becoming very popular. I at once united my name and influence with the Grangers. In less than two years I was master of the largest grange in the State, and at the end of four had successfully carried forward a move to establish a Grange wagon-factory, which is still in operation.

I next drifted into Kansas City. Having again acquired some means, and thinking to profit by former experience, I once more embarked in business; but, seeing the dead-beat element marshalling around me again, I took advantage of the first opportunity and sold out. I then went to Southwest Missouri, and prospected for lead until I reached the bottom of my pocket-book, when I again returned to Kansas City. Finding work in Rosedale, near by, I continued to work and agitate my favorite hobbies for several years, during which time I joined the Ancient Order of United Workmen and the Knights of Pythias, each of which possessed some features in harmony with the trend of my nature and education. Not until several years later, however, when I had removed to Sedalia, Missouri, and learned of the objects and aims of the Knights of Labor, did I feel that I had struck the chord entirely in harmony with my soul. When that beautiful watchword of knighthood, "An injury to one is the concern of all," resounded through my life, and when I learned that knighthood embraced every grade of honest toil in its heights and depths,—when I learned that it meant broad and comprehensive union for labor on a basis that would counterbalance the power of aggregated and incorporated wealth and give to the creator of wealth a just share of the wealth he creates,—then I felt that I had reached a field on which I was

ready to spend the remaining energies of my life. I was the first to enroll my name on the list to organize an assembly in Sedalia. I was there during the strike against a reduction of pay in March, 1885. I was one of the committee that waited on the Governor to convince him that there was no necessity for troops in Sedalia during the strike. I was made chairman of the executive board of District Assembly 101, which executive board, under instructions from the various locals of the district, first sought to adjust a series of grievances that had been long accumulating. Failing after repeated efforts, we then ordered all Knights of Labor to withdraw their skill and muscle until the railroad company was ready to recognize our manhood and our knighthood rights.

This great strike need not have been,—would not have been, had it been made possible for myself and my coadjutors to approach and negotiate with the general manager of the railroads, now under enjoinder of the employees. We exhausted every effort in seeking a peaceful solution of the question. Every avenue was closed by a barrier of unapproachableness. Our only resource was to lift our hands and let the roads feel the loss of our power and skill. One hour's gentlemanly courtesy on the part of the manager would have averted all this disaster.

I have never known a strike that might not have been avoided by the simple recognition of the equal rights of man, or the application of the elements of reason and common sense. Strikes are the outgrowth of imperial assumption of superiority on one hand, and of a corresponding repudiation of that assumption on the other. Strikes are not right; nevertheless they seem necessary as a protest against wrong. It is not right that they should seem necessary. But they are the counter-irritant to a virulent disease.

Let us hope that a perfect health will soon render such remedies forever unnecessary!

Martin Irons.

SOME EXPERIENCES OF A WORKING-GIRL.

It has been said by a famous anatomist that the physical organization of woman in its delicate adjustment is so peculiarly susceptible of suffering that it seems like a cruelty of nature to have created such a being. Under the most favorable circumstances, the tenderest care and consideration, this statement still holds true. All that civilization, chivalry, and religion can do for woman is to reduce her bodily sufferings to their minimum: they must still be borne with more or less of fortitude. But if

any man would know what is the most unnatural and purgatorial mode of life extant in modern times which women are called upon to bear, let him follow me in fancy into the manufacturing departments of a wholesale house and study anatomy there.

By what painful steps and tortuous processes in fighting my way in the world I at last found myself forewoman in a factory would take too long to tell, but I began at the beginning on three dollars a week, and what I know at all I know thoroughly, having had it ground and burned into me by the hardest of practical lessons.

In my childhood, in the safe shelter and seclusion of home, I used to imagine myself endowed with as much courage as Joan of Arc, and a trifle more, and dreamed that it would be an easy task to "take the giant world by the throat and throw him." I was fond of reading the story of David, and saw my own victory foreshadowed in his, though I did not know that double his pluck would not have balanced the misfortune of my being a girl. It may be as well to state here that these Amazonian propensities were enclosed in a slight frame of eighty pounds avoirdupois, and that from the start I was handicapped by the very visible blue vein across my nose which emphasized the fact or the fancy that I was predestined to an early death. But the courage I possessed certainly availed me nothing when one fine morning a red-handed, rough-shod fate confronted me, and addressed me in much the same tone as that I overheard a burly butcher use to an unruly son:

"You're on your own hook now, and you've got to hang there."

Not having so much as a pebble to fling at my Goliath, I knew no more where to turn nor what to do than if I had been suddenly carried and set down on the far side of the bleak, cinderous moon. A most urgent necessity stared me out of countenance with the brazen effrontery of a Tammany ringster, and with his insolent, unanswerable "Well, what are you going to do about it?" upon its lips. I was not much given to tears, but upon that occasion I retired to my corner in a very poor boarding-house and did what any girl not yet out of her teens would have done,—cried long and bitterly, then rose and washed my face, that no one might know of it: a work of supererogation, for many such tears as I shed wear grooves on the cheeks. The room I occupied was a very little room,—so little that if I walked in I was obliged to back out, and in order to dress myself I stood upon the bed. But even this must be paid for; and I had not a penny "to bless" myself with, if one would have bought me a papal benediction. The giant I had throttled so often in imagination dwindled to one mean imp, who pursued me night and day with inquiries relative to bread, butter, and shoes, and whose importunities banished sleep from my eyes. It is no

wonder, therefore, that in desperation I took the first advice which was given, brief and to the point: "Tackle the Jews: they've always plenty of work." I went down into Judea; and I shall never forget my first employer, a handsome, dark-eyed, black-browed man, who trusted me with material to make twelve small dresses for a child. He distinctly said, and wrote upon the bundle, twelve, and they were to be a trial of my workmanship. If by some freak of fortune I should be crowned queen to-morrow, all the glory of a throne could not bring me any weightier sense of responsibility than I felt in the confidence this stranger had reposed in me. I bestowed infinite pains upon the garments, for which, when finished, I was to receive twenty-five cents each, and managed by careful cutting to get fourteen dresses, instead of a dozen, out of the goods. I was so happy that I sung aloud over my work; but my joy was destined to be short-lived indeed, for the woman with whom I lived suggested that, "as God himself couldn't keep up with the tricks of them Jews in the wilderness," it was hardly likely I could, being, so she said, "as green as the grass," and that my employer had purposely given me extra material to test my honesty. I had read a great deal about chivalry, and had my own notions of honor, my own ideal of knighthood. It is true I was an "unlessoned girl," so far as those lessons dealt with deceit, or fraud, or trickery, but up to that hour all men had been to me gentlemen, heroes, miracles of bravery, strength, wisdom, and their protection like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The suggestion I have mentioned filled me with boundless astonishment and indignation. What kind of a man was this, who would stoop to tempt so slight a creature to wickedness, would use his leisure and degrade his powers to the meanness of setting snares for my feet, into which, my very necessities aiding him, I might have walked? I lost no time, but gathered up my work, now finished, and rushed through the streets with it to the manufactory, then and there pouring out such a stream of sorrowful reproach and girlish scorn as made Mr. S——, who, fortunately, happened to be alone, stand dumfounded.

"You said there were twelve; but you knew there were fourteen. I never stole a thing in my life; but suppose I had been some other girl, and been tempted?" I cried. "What a dreadful thing to be ruined by falling into such a trap! and how unworthy of a man to set it!" I felt so keenly for that "other girl," I suffered such sharp vicarious shame and terror for her weakness, that I spared no words to bring remorse to the breast of the tempter.

Many a time since I have seen in my remembrance the gaze, keen and thoughtful, which my "gentle Jew" bent upon me, without an effort to interrupt me. When at last I paused for breath,—for, with

running and eloquence, I was nearly spent,—he said, quietly, “Although I am a Jew, do you think I would do to another what I should hate to have anybody do to me? No! The quantity of material I gave you was represented to me as exactly sufficient to make one dozen dresses. Some one in my work-room is incompetent, and but for your skill I should never have known it. As it is, here is my invoice-book: look for yourself. I did not dream of tempting you.”

I had wronged him, that was certain, and, in much distress, I begged his pardon. In after-days it used to tickle him immensely to recall my nonsensical accusation and tragic appeal to his honor,—“as if you couldn’t have stolen twelve as easily as two,” he said; but it had been no laughing-matter to me. Upon this circumstance was founded an arrangement that I should work for him in the manufactory, instead of outside, much to my subsequent advantage. It was not the least valuable part of this experience that I did not, in the very outset, have any cause to lose my faith in my kind. I have, in the hardest, roughest, most unsentimental of schools, been taught that after all, and under all, “the great soul of the world is just;” and I make the record gratefully.

My business as forewoman brought me twice a week into direct contact with the two hundred women who took material to their own homes to be made up, and I associated daily with the fifty girls who, on an average, were required in the department over which I especially presided, their work being of a finer grade than that given to outside hands. These people were the wives, daughters, and sisters of respectable laboring-men, mechanics, and farmers in the country adjacent. It filled me with new and painful wonder to note the anxiety and persistent eagerness with which they solicited even the poorest and most unremunerative kind of work, and to find that they were not driven into the markets to sell the labor of their hands so much by their own isolation, orphanage, or widowhood as by the inability of the man at the head of the household to support them upon the wages he earned. In hurried whispers they told me their stories,—the same, always the same strain, however the circumstances might vary: they “must help.” Questioning, sifting, as I was obliged to do, often made the recipient of humble confidences, one thing became plain to me in my seven years of service,—viz., that, from some cause which neither they nor I understood, a man’s wages would no longer suffice to keep his family decently clothed and fed; that not only his wife but his children must help eke out a living. It was my habit to ask a new hand, “Who takes care of the home and little ones while you are doing this work?” and it

made my heart ache to see the tears spring, the lip quiver, unable to reply, or to hear a bolder, more defiant spirit answer,—

"If I've got to work for the bread they eat, they'll have to take care of themselves. I can't do both."

Here is food for a legislator to digest in those careless hours when he sits down to watch the clock and draw his pay; for when any method of living in vogue among a people deliberately tramples out the *home-life*, the nation is in jeopardy. But it was not even the outside hands, pitiful as was their case, nor yet the children who are employed in manufacturing, who interested me so warmly as the young girls who worked under me, and who number thousands in similar factories. There are laws for child-labor, which any one who cares to may invoke for their protection, but for *these* there is no protection. They are "dumb as the voiceless worm on the unfrequented hill," suffering wrong with no clear knowledge on whom or what to lay the blame, and wearing the brightest hours of life away in a bondage compared to which the lot of a black slave in the cotton-field, God's sky above him, God's air about him, a strong body and a happy, childish temperament to sustain him, is blessedness. I have no wish to emulate Cassandra, shrilly prophesying, madly tearing her hair,—no desire to give way to Mrs. Gummidge's weakness of being "very low" and feeling it "more than other people,"—but I would solemnly declare that in this growing misuse of womanhood there is grave cause for alarm, and that it is no foolish prophet of modern times who has written, "The last and worst thing which can be said of a nation is that it has made its young girls sad and weary."

There is a town in the Alps in Switzerland whose streets are paved with garnets; the heavy-footed peasants trample them, grind them to powder beneath their wheels,—the jewels which, when polished, might sparkle like wine and adorn the pillars of a temple; and not less dull than those clodhoppers is the nation which complacently crushes the maidenhood that must some day wive and mother its sons. I have seen young girls not only sad and weary, but dying upon their feet, no man regarding them. Sitting upon painted chairs, in air that is visible with foulness, bound to iron wheels, through long hours, they give life and love, sunshine and happy laughter—for what? A competency? A comfortable home? A grave, then, and decent burial? Alas! no. The pittance they earn barely keeps them alive to do *more* work. That is the utmost honest, earnest, protracted labor wins for them; and I know whereof I speak. Nor is there in their occupation any compensating pleasure in the thing done, any nobility in it, any affection for it as an artistic achievement.

By the system of working in teams, by the division and subdivision of labor, a girl does but a part, depressing in its monotony, or tends a machine which, as if by diabolic magic, thrills with motion while she stands before it or sits before it like one dead in spirit, if not in body. The saddest face I ever saw was that of a very bright, pretty, delicate girl of seventeen who worked on a machine for quilling ribbons. The gay strips sped through her fingers like many-colored lightning, and made, to a careless observer, a picture pretty enough; but only fancy sitting there from dawn till dark, from January to December, doing that, and without hope to lighten the task,—this, too, in the morning of life, in bodily revolt and discomfort, with a fifty-horse-power engine and hunger to drive the wheels! And this is but a single instance, not strained nor exaggerated, nor one in which any great bodily strength is demanded for the position.

Grimy floors, blank walls, stern penalties and prohibitions placarded upon every entrance and bristling on every hand, are the general features of the background, and men have more considerate sanitary measures in their dog-kennels and their stables than they have for these hapless, voiceless workers. If any one should ask me wherein the fault lies, I would say, not especially in the employers, themselves the hardest of workers, driven by cut-throat competition to undersell their rivals, not especially in any one cause or in any one set of men, but in something behind and beneath these,—the enormous greed and selfishness of the individual men and women who compose this enlightened Christian community. The laborer is worthy of his hire; but who that snaps up a bargain ever pauses to ask himself for how *little*—not how much—he would have put similar labor on a similar article, or if the price he paid bears any just relation to the time and work another spent upon it? Take the simplest and commonest of all things, a pin,—seven men to each, “and not a man too much,”—and then try to count the bodies with immortal souls in them who have toiled upon a man’s—or, worse, a woman’s—entire outfit. Does any mere money pay the debt, after all? If I were a man to-day I would lift my hat to the “unspeakable Turk,” whose treatment of his women is in absolute harmony with his faith. He believes the infinitesimal souls in them require no nourishment, but their bodies he feeds well and adorns them beautifully. For this he surely deserves the respect of his chivalrous, carping, critical Christian brother, who is wiser and wickeder, and who may well pause in his haste to be rich, take this remonstrance from one who knows, and, bearing it to the sachems of the land, tell them to “put that in their pipes and smoke it.”

MY EXPERIENCES AS A STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR.

I WAS born and bred in the country. When about eighteen years old, wishing to do more to help my mother than I could have done had I stayed at home, I fled to the neighboring city. I had no idea what I should do when I got there. But the sight of the street-cars, with their conductors looking so nice in their blue uniforms, and the information that these men obtained two dollars a day, decided me. I would make a desperate struggle to become a conductor myself. I did not know how to go about it, however, and spent many dreary days turning the matter over in my mind. I confided my troubles to some friends I had made in the city, and at length, through the influence of one of them, I obtained a letter from a prominent councilman to the president of a street-railway company. The first time I presented my application I was refused. I believe there were no vacancies. At any rate, the president asked me to come again, which I did the following week. I was again refused. The president must have seen how greatly I was discouraged by this second refusal, for he spoke kindly to me, saying he was sorry he could not do anything for me.

I was a raw country lad, full of enthusiastic ideals. The president of a street-car railway seemed to me a sort of a god,—a being of a different mould from the ordinary man. These few kind words from so lofty a person touched me more than I can say.

Next week I plucked up my spirits, and again called upon the president. He happened to be in very good humor, and when I presented my letter he appointed me without asking any questions. It would be impossible for me to describe my delight. I had been under the doctor's charge for a few days back for a critical case of sore throat, and, in fact, had been ordered to go to bed. I did not obey until after I had received my appointment. I remained in bed for four days, under the constant charge of the doctor. He treated me skilfully, but I think my appointment had more effect than all his prescriptions. I kept it lying near me, in order that I might read it occasionally, and as often as I read I found a new delight in the perusal.

As soon as I was on my feet again I donned my uniform and reported at the street-car dépôt. I had first to be taught the duties of my position. I got in the hands of a good instructor, and soon learned how to conduct a street-car. New conductors have to run as "extra-men" for a while before they get a regular car; but I was more fortunate than most new men, for in two weeks' time I had got a regular car.

I liked my position. It is true that my hours were long and my work was wearisome. I used to get up at five in the morning, hur-

riedly eat my breakfast, and report for work. I did not get to bed before eleven. I had no time for recreation, and very little time for attending to my private affairs. I used to get home so tired that the effort of writing a letter would sometimes exhaust me, so that I could hardly get to sleep at all. But, in spite of my hard work, I felt better than ever before in my life, and gained flesh. So, you see, railroading does not kill men, provided they take care of themselves. Conductors must not think they can drink rum at both ends of the route and spend the night in a liquor-saloon. Many of my fellow-conductors used to complain that they had no time for pleasure. My answer was that we were better off than many others. "Look at the men that work with pick and shovel," I would say: "surely none of us would exchange positions with them. If the men in factories and stores have shorter hours,—which is not always the case,—their work is more exhausting, and is not often as well paid as ours." So I would advise my complaining friends to give up the idea of having so much pleasure, and wait for the time when they could better afford it. As for myself, I determined to do justice to my employers, and to refrain from all bad habits, in the hope that something better would turn up for me in the future.

At first I was very green at my new duties. I often got confused and forgot whether I had asked this or that man for his fare. When a person handed me an official pass I used to get all of a tremble, for I thought he must be a very great man indeed, almost as great as the president of the company himself, and I was afraid of making some mistake in his presence. Our superintendent often took my car to ride down to the city in. He was a kind man, who had frequently shown a friendly interest in me, but he was very strict and very wide awake. Often he would call my attention to the fact that I had overlooked taking some passenger's fare. But the very fact that I knew his eye was upon me used to increase my confusion, so that I was all the more likely to miss fares when he was in my car. Other officers of the company were not so particular as the superintendent. Indeed, I knew one conductor who boasted that he had stolen fares under the very nose of the president himself.

I found a great deal of difference in passengers. Some, when asked whether their fare had been taken up, would answer civilly, others would swear at me, others would try to be funny, and tell me to wear spectacles or take the hayseed out of my eyes. As I grew more familiar with my duties, however, and came to know the people who patronized my car regularly, I firmly believe that the majority of my passengers liked me for a conductor and were glad to ride on my car. I cannot attribute it to anything more than that I tried to be civil (and even

sociable with those who were inclined that way) and to keep myself neat in appearance.

Regular passengers often like to be on friendly terms with the conductors, as the latter are able to oblige them in many ways,—by carrying bundles or letters which can be delivered along the route, etc. Sometimes they carry their friendliness too far. I have known passengers, when they got a fair opportunity, to insist that the conductor should take their fare without registering it, and to get angry if the request was refused.

But, though passengers, as a rule, are apt to take sides with the conductor in any question between the conductor and the company which employs him, if any dispute occur between passenger and conductor the general disposition of the other passengers is to join in against the conductor. But here I should like to say a word to my fellow-employees. Remember, the company pays us to collect and return the passengers' fares, while the passenger pays for the privilege of his seat. Has the latter not a right, therefore, to make complaints occasionally, when he does not understand, and even when his complaints are not in themselves just? The conductor can explain in a sensible manner, and if he fails to convince, he had better hold his peace and let the passengers fight the thing out among themselves. Of course we come across a great many cranky and unreasonable people, but we should not lose our tempers and insult a passenger in the presence of others. We are paid to receive insults, not to give them.

Sometimes passengers are not only unreasonable, but offensive or dishonest, and it is easy to make short work of such people. I remember, in the early days of my conductorship, a woman used to ride on my car who beat her ride whenever she could. She would purposely wait until a car came along with an inexperienced conductor on board. Her favorite trick was to carry an open porte-monnaie in her hand, and when the conductor neared her to shut it up and put it back in her pocket, as though she had just paid her fare. At first this trick was puzzling. But after she had tried it on me a few times, I found out she was a "beat," and made her pay her fare in spite of her protests. She never troubled me any more, but patronized other conductors on the same line.

As to conductors themselves, though dishonesty is not frequent among them, it is not entirely unknown. "Do you know how to beat the punch?" asked a conductor of me one day. I answered that I did not; whereupon he hit his bell-punch a sharp, peculiar blow, and it rang in much the same way as when it registered a fare. This, however, is a very rare accomplishment, and one difficult of acquiring.

Men who wish to be dishonest usually carry a small bell somewhere in their pockets, and strike that instead of striking the punch. Passengers are not likely to discover the trick, as they have no interest at stake; but it is one which the professional "spotters" employed by the companies to shadow suspected men have no great difficulty in finding out.

Where a dishonest conductor knows that his passenger only intends to ride a few blocks, he may wait until the passenger gets up to go before collecting his fare. This is of course a violation of the rule which requires that all fares shall be collected as soon as the passenger is comfortably seated. The passenger who hurriedly hands in his money on the platform and then jumps off the car does not care to note whether the fare is registered or not. And, even if he is curious about the matter, his ear will not be sharp enough to distinguish whether it is the bell-punch or the driver's bell that has been struck.

Even from a worldly point of view, honesty is the best policy. Conductors who make a practice of beating the punch live in a state of anxiety and fear which makes their lives a torture to them. One of these men took me into his confidence. He told me that he never handed in his punch at night without trembling. His sleep was restless and feverish. In the morning, when he went to receive back his punch, he always felt that that might be his last day in his position, or even his last day out of jail. "Thank heaven," he would say to himself when the punch was at last placed in his hands, "I haven't been found out yet." Criminal as he was, I could not help pitying him.

In conclusion, I must say that I have never found any reason to complain of my employers. Whenever complaints were made against me by passengers who considered themselves aggrieved (and the most careful conductor cannot escape the complaints of the unreasonable and the unjust), I have found them always anxious and willing to hear both sides and to do justice to all. Whenever they have known a man to be faithful and industrious, they have done their best to give him assistance. Nearly all the best positions in the principal street-railway corporations are now filled by men who were formerly drivers or conductors. Even the presidents of some companies have begun life in the same way. I myself succeeded in a few years in working up to a good position. I am satisfied with the present, and I believe the future will hold out something better for me if I deserve it.

JOHN TURNOR'S INVENTION.

I.

IT was no mere coincidence or accident, the similarity between the illness that carried off John Turnor and that to which I almost succumbed. That similarity was due to a deliberate attempt at murder, successful as to him and almost successful as to me. I speak as one having authority; for the hand of the Lord alone saved me from following John Turnor into the Valley. The history of my escape I write that those who consider me insane may perceive their error, or may, at all events, if I am insane, learn that there is reason, terrible reason, for my being so.

I had hardly begun to practise medicine when my uncle died, leaving me a fortune sufficiently large to allow me to devote my entire time to chemical research and investigation. I had so devoted it for several years when those events began the history of which I shall endeavor to set down. And if I seem to lose control over myself and to set down aught in malice, I would ask all who may happen to read these lines to remember that I am said to be insane, that I have suffered greatly, and that I am more sinned against than sinning.

I do not know how long ago these things began: my boy says he is ten years old, "going on 'leven," so they must have begun about twelve years ago. One evening I was in my study, correcting the proof-sheets of my book on the chemistry of gases. That book was the pride of my heart, the first-born of myself, Roger Dupré, and my wife Experimentia, and I loved it with paternal affection. I gave it a fancy name, which I see now on the title-page of the book as it lies open before me, "On the Chemistry of the Unseen. By Roger Dupré, M.D., Ph.D. Harv." But I have torn out the dedication. Well, one evening I was reading the proof-sheets of this book, when suddenly, without any knock, my man Philip came rushing into the room. I am naturally nervous, and his sudden entry startled me considerably.

"What do you want?" I asked, irritably.

"Dey've sent over for you fum nex' door," answered Philip; and as he spoke there appeared in the door-way the dripping figure of an elderly woman. As I looked up at her she spoke.

"Dr. Dupré, will you come over to Mr. Turnor's? He is very ill, and the doctor who attends him has been called out of town." The woman spoke earnestly, in a strangely-constrained voice, and pointed to the door, as though she expected me to move at once. I knew Mr.

Turnor's house, and had passed its owner in the street; but the proof-sheets were inviting, and I did not move. The woman repeated her petition.

"Who is your regular physician?" I asked, crossly, as I pushed aside the proofs.

"Dr. Graham, sir; but he is out of town, and, though we have telegraphed to him, he can't get back until to-morrow morning."

"It's a bad night," I grumbled.

"It's only a step, sah," suggested Philip.

"Hold your tongue!" I exclaimed. "What difference does it make to you if it is only a step? Get me my umbrella!"

"Thank you," said the woman; and then she repeated, in the same constrained voice, "Mr. Turnor is so ill."

When Philip had brought my umbrella, I took the woman under it, and with her stepped out into the wet. Although the house to which we were bound was "next door," it was on the other side of a cross-street, and had around it a garden, very large for New York, so that when we climbed up the steps we were quite wet. As I stopped in the vestibule to shake myself, I thought I heard a deep-toned bell sound continuously within the house. I was not certain that I did hear it, and before I could ask my companion the door was opened by some one on the watch for us, and we entered. The hall into which we stepped was large and square, richly carpeted and furnished, and odorous of flowers. It was so dimly lighted that at first I could see nothing; but I could still hear the deep-toned bell ringing continuously, never varying in intensity of sound or in time.

"Here is Dr. Dupré, Miss Sylvie," said my guide, and advancing from behind the open door appeared a delicate-looking girl. She bowed in response to my salutation, and then led me immediately into another room. From its furniture, this room was evidently the parlor; but in the middle of it stood a heavy reclining-chair, converted into a bed, in which lay a man of about sixty years of age, of fine features, but so wasted by sickness that I could scarcely recognize them as those of my neighbor John Turnor. And the Angel of the Lord stood at the head of the bed to give the signal to the Angel of Death when he should summon the spirit of the sick man to accompany him to its appointed place.

From behind the bed a handsome woman came towards me, holding a Bible in her hands.

"I thank you for coming, Dr. Dupré," she said. "I am Mrs. Turnor. Dr. Graham was called out of town suddenly before this attack came on, and, you being our nearest physician——"

"Do not apologize, madam," I interrupted, seating myself on a convenient chair, and laying my hand on Mr. Turnor's wrist. There was absolutely no movement there, nor in the carotid, and for an instant I thought the patient was dead. But I found a pulse finally, very weak. Prompt measures were evidently necessary. I looked at the bottles arranged on the mantel-piece.

"Rub his hands and feet," I commanded; then, "I will run back and get my portable battery——"

"What do you mean to do?" asked Mrs. Turnor, eagerly.

"Apply electricity,—give a hypodermic of brandy,—perhaps try transfusion of blood," I answered.

"Let Eliza go," said Mrs. Turnor, imploringly. "I should feel more comfortable if you could stay here."

I nodded, and wrote a few words on a piece of paper, which I handed to Eliza, the woman who had come for me.

"Philip can get them: he can help you bring them," I said, and the woman departed. Then I began rubbing the sick man's feet, relieving Miss Sylvia of that duty.

As we rubbed, Mrs. Turnor her husband's hands and I his feet, she gave me a short account of his illness. Suddenly I interrupted her.

"What is that noise?" I asked, for the deep-toned bell seemed very near, and I could not account for it in any manner.

"That," said Mrs. Turnor, somewhat impatiently, "that is the only thing that keeps Mr. Turnor quiet. I know it's wicked to feel about it as I do, but it drives me nearly wild. It calms him, though," she said, wiping away a tear.

"Can't it be stopped?" I asked. Mrs. Turnor looked at me reproachfully. "If it can be," I continued, "let us have it stopped, at all events for a few minutes."

Mrs. Turnor shook her head sadly, but signed to her daughter, who touched a small electric button on the wall. Almost instantly the sound ceased. As it did so, I noticed a twitching in the sick man's eyelids, a pulsation in his wrist. Mrs. Turnor noticed the same things.

"You see," she cried, in a tone of agony, "he notices it immediately. Ring again, Sylvia!" and again her daughter touched the button, and again the room was full of the deep, reverberating sound. At this moment the door opened. I looked up, to see Eliza carrying the instruments for which I had sent her. My eyes were raised only an instant, but before they had returned to their gaze on Mr. Turnor's face, as they were in the very act of returning, I perceived something—I know not what to term it—which told me that my next-door neighbor was dead. It was not alone the cessation of the heart-beats;

that could not be noticed at once. It was a sort of disintegration of the bones beneath my touch. The wrist-bones crumbled as I felt for the pulse, the jaw-bones became soft as I felt for the carotid artery. As I bent hastily over the bed, horror-struck and terribly puzzled, Mrs. Turnor spoke to the servant.

"Put them here, Eliza," she said, dragging up a small table. "Which will you use first, doctor?"

I did not answer at once: I was too much thunderstruck by what had happened. Mrs. Turnor repeated her question.

"They will not be needed," I said, raising my head.

"Is he dead?" asked Mrs. Turnor, in a strange, hollow, yet relieved tone; and her daughter repeated the question.

"Mrs. Turnor," I answered, "your husband is dead. He has died a most terrible death—— Do not touch him!" I almost shouted, as the widow made a motion to kiss her husband's hand. But she eluded my grasp, and, falling on her knees by the bedside, snatched one of Mr. Turnor's hands, which she kissed passionately. Then she sprang to her feet, frightened and horrified.

"What is this?" she shrieked, pointing to the hand. It lay on the bed, still a hand, but its bones had crumbled at her touch, and it was a mere hand-shaped bag, limp, except for the *rigor mortis*, which had already set in.

"Oh, God!" gasped Mrs. Turnor, "I did not think of this!" Then she pushed the little button again, and, as the deep notes died away, ran to the bedside. But there was no motion of her husband's eyelids this time, and the unfortunate woman rushed out of the room in violent hysterics.

"Miss Sylvia," I cried, detaining her as she followed her mother, "have you a man-servant in the house? No? Then send over for my man, while I attend to your mother."

Mrs. Turnor's hysterics were severer than I had anticipated, and not until after daybreak did I get a chance to return to my own home. Dr. Graham had been telegraphed for, I knew, and would soon be back: when he came, I should be free again. Meantime, duty bade me return to the Turnors', and thither I went after a hasty toilet and breakfast.

I looked into the parlor as I entered the house, and found the necessary preparations already being carried out.

"This is a queer case," said the undertaker, confidentially; "I don't know as I ever saw a queerer one. Are you the regular family physician, may I ask?"

I explained my position to him, and, assuring him that Dr. Graham would attend to everything necessary, went into the reception-room.

Listlessly I picked up the paper, but in an instant was reading with the greatest interest the short account of a railroad accident which had happened that very morning near the city. My interest arose from the fact that the first name in the list of the killed was that of "Dr. George Graham, New York City."

"Good-morning, Dr. Dupré," said a voice; and I looked up, to see Miss Sylvia enter the room.

"Good-morning, Miss Turnor," I answered, collecting my wits as well as I could.

"I am not Miss Turnor," she said. "I am Sylvia Mayhew. My mother was twice married," and she added, with infinite pathos, "and twice a widow."

"Miss Mayhew," I said, "pray don't be startled, but is your doctor's name George Graham? It is? Then—look at this!" She read the account of the accident with a paling cheek.

"I must show this to mamma," she said, in a trembling voice, and, with the paper in her hand, left the room. In a few minutes she returned hastily.

"Will you come up-stairs to mamma?" she said. "She has hysterics again. Hark! you can hear her laughing!"

II.

Mr. Turnor's death was a great shock to his wife, and until the day of the funeral I was constantly in attendance upon her. Dr. Graham's death also added to the work I had to do. It was I who furnished the certificate of death on which the permit was granted to bury,—not the bones, for there were none, but the body of John Turnor. I rode in the first carriage at the funeral, assisted when the will was read, and attended the widow when, shortly after the funeral, she took to her bed, worn out by long watching. In short, I became the family physician, and was soon treated rather as one of the family who had studied medicine than as even that family friend. I was continually invited to dine with Mrs. Turnor and her daughter, and exhorted to remember their loneliness and not again to seclude myself when greater calls were made on me than those of chemistry. It was Mrs. Turnor who spoke thus: Sylvia only looked at me.

In thinking the matter over, even now I can truly say that I do not wonder I fell in love with Sylvia Mayhew. In a young girl, excellently educated and beautiful, whom I had met under strange circumstances, it was only natural that I should take an interest. At that time I was younger than I am now, though even now I am not so very old, and a pretty face exerted a great influence upon me. And Sylvia

had a face that was more than pretty : it was beautiful. I do not think I can describe it justly : first, because the love I bore its owner rendered me blind to any defects it might have had ; second, because a long seclusion, such as mine has been, warps the mind and makes it loath to render justice to one who has injured it. And Sylvia has injured me.

In course of time I was allowed to return to my proof-sheets ; but when I went back I found something continually rising between them and me, and that something was the image of Sylvia Mayhew. So it came to pass that I grew to love her with the love of a man who has passed the days of his youth ; for, though the love of a lad may be passionate compared with that of a man, it is as the light of a candle to that of an electric lamp.

Mrs. Turnor penetrated my feelings, though I thought I had concealed them well. One morning she questioned me, and I had to confess to her what I had hardly confessed to myself. But she gave her consent, and spoke words of encouragement, so that it only remained for me to make my feelings known to Sylvia.

How well I remember the day I spoke to her ! I had been down to my publishers' to correct the proofs of my preface, and had walked across from the elevated-railway-station to Mrs. Turnor's.

"Miss Mayhew is out," said my old friend Eliza : "she has gone up the avenue a little way." And I hurried after her. Luckily,—I say "luckily" because I am writing of things that were as I thought them at the time,—I met Sylvia before I had gone very far, and walked along with her. It was a beautiful afternoon about the middle of April, and the time and the weather, the birds, the buds on the trees, everything, conspired to turn my thoughts towards love and Sylvia.

We talked of all sorts of things, relevant and irrelevant,—of Mrs. Turnor's health, of the weather, of the carriages, of the passers-by, of the new houses, of my book. This last subject of conversation afforded me the opportunity I wanted. I spoke of the progress the book was making through the press, of my occupation that very day, and at last—when we were well beyond Sixty-fourth Street, and quite alone—I turned to my companion.

"Miss Mayhew," I said, trying to make my voice sound composed, and failing, "I want only a dedication to make my book complete. To whom shall it be dedicated?"

"I thought all that kind of books were dedicated to the instructors of the authors. Who was your instructor?" she asked.

"I would rather—I would rather dedicate it to you," I said, as boldly as I could. She looked at me in surprise,—yes, in surprise, for I do not think she knew what was coming.

"I would rather dedicate everything I have to you," I continued. "Don't you know, Sylvia, that I love you, that I love you dearly, better than anything else in the world, and that I want you to be my wife? Sylvia,—Sylvia,—will you marry me?"

Sylvia said nothing, though she flushed up to her temples. She walked along slowly, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. I trembled, for my happiness was in the balance; ay, it was indeed, though not as in those days I thought it.

"Sylvia," I whispered again, when I could bear the suspense no longer, "Sylvia, may I dedicate the book to you?" Then she put her hand in my arm, and we walked home; and inside the vestibule I kissed her.

That evening I made my first call in the character of an accepted suitor; and, for the first time since Mr. Turnor's death, Sylvia's mother opened the organ and bade her daughter play. Sylvia turned so pale that I sprang to her side, fearing she was about to faint; but she motioned me away with a faint smile and sat down at the instrument.

"Sylvia is so sensitive," whispered her mother, as we sat listening: "she used to play to her father,—for she always called Mr. Turnor father,—she was so young when Mr. Mayhew died, a mere baby, and only six when I married again; and the remembrance of the old days is almost too much for her." And Mrs. Turnor talked on all the while that Sylvia played, pouring into my ears stories the refrain of which always was, "Sylvia is so sensitive." What with endeavoring to listen to both Sylvia and her mother, I appreciated nothing that was said or played. Finally Mrs. Turnor, tired of being answered either in monosyllables or not at all, asked me, with a certain emphasis which even now I remember I thought strange, whether I was fond of music.

"Moderately," I answered. What man ever told the exact truth in similar circumstances, when his future wife was playing?

"Sylvia," said Mrs. Turnor, rising and standing between her daughter and myself, "play that piece your father liked so much. Sit here, Roger," she continued, pointing to a large arm-chair placed behind the performer's seat: "you will hear better." And I dutifully obeyed.

The music began, and the organ, an instrument of marvellous compass, seemed as though possessed of life. Sylvia herself seemed under a charm. I could see her face in a mirror, and its expression absolutely shocked me. She looked like a being urged on to a terrible act by a will stronger than her own, urged on to her own destruction, to the destruction of all she loved. She looked as though she would have given everything to be released from the task she was completing, yet she could not be,—yet she was compelled by an unknown but powerful

force to finish it. The music was very peculiar,—weird, but withal stately, almost solemn. First the room rang with deep, gong-like notes, one of which, even to my unmusical ear, seemed strangely familiar. Its repetition made me recollect that it was the same note I had heard when I made my first call on the Turnors, and I shuddered, for I recognized the chair in which I sat as the reclining-chair in which my next-door neighbor had died. But from that note the music glided off into other notes, higher, shriller, more piercing, and I forgot Mr. Turnor, and heard only one high note, calling to me, calling to me, calling to me. Trembling with strange excitement, I sprang to my feet, but, dazed and curiously weak, fell to the floor. Still that high, shrill call was repeated and repeated and repeated.

The next thing I knew, I found myself upon a sofa in my own room, bathed in perspiration and languid beyond reason, with my heart beating rapidly, as though after great and prolonged exertion; and it was daylight.

That day I apologized to Mrs. Turnor,—I hardly knew for what,—and she accepted my excuses kindly, with little of the severity I had expected.

"It was partly my fault, Roger," she said, sweetly. "I should have warned you against that old Hungarian wine: it is very sweet, but very insidious."

"I doubt whether it was the wine," I ventured to object. "I took very little of it; but of course——"

"Oh, it was the wine, Roger, and the room was hot, and you were excited, and had been under a strain all day. Sylvia understands it all perfectly. Only, my dear Roger, don't let it happen again."

III.

My book obtained its dedication, and was published and criticised and praised, and in course of time, about a year after I had first met Sylvia Mayhew, we were married. After the wedding-trip we settled down with Mrs. Turnor, who was unwilling to give up the house, "hallowed," so she expressed it, "by the death of Mr. Turnor." So I used my own house merely as a laboratory, and lived with Sylvia's mother. The latter, however, was unwilling to let me use even my own house as I wished.

"Roger," said she to me one day, "I am so glad you married Sylvia——"

"So am I," said I, promptly. I had not been married long at the time.

"Of course," said Mrs. Turnor; "of course. But I have always wanted you to move your horrid laboratory away, and now I have a

right to ask you, and I do ask you: please move it to some other place."

I made a slight objection, but was silenced by the remark that Sylvia had never liked the proximity of the laboratory, and that it might be positively dangerous for her a few months later to have it so near. This last argument was convincing, and, like a dutiful husband, I moved my laboratory, and the gentility of our street was shocked by the sight of the sign on old John Dupré's most respectable mansion of "This House to Let."

Everything went on happily and quietly for several months, until our boy was born. It was not that his advent caused any trouble or unhappiness to arise, but that shortly after his birth began those occurrences which have caused all my trouble. And as I distinguish the years as they pass only by the recurrence of my boy's birthday, so I date my trouble from his birth.

I had been at my laboratory all day, and did not reach home till after nine o'clock. Sylvia was in the parlor for only the second or third time since John Turnor Dupré had made his appearance, and as I kissed her she warned me not to wake my heir, who had just been put to sleep. I went up-stairs on tiptoe, stole to my room on tiptoe, and locked the door with as little noise as possible. Then I dressed as quickly as I could, and, kicking off my slippers, looked for my evening-shoes. They were not in their usual place, and, still in my stocking-feet, I went to the closet to find them. The closet, of course, was dark, and I put out my right foot to feel for the shoes, intending to push them out into the dressing-room. Suddenly my stocking caught on a projecting nail, and, in spite of all my efforts, I could not disentangle it. I took it off, and, stooping, repeated my attempt, but again in vain. Then I gave a sudden wrench, determined in my anger to tear it loose. This time the stocking came away, and with it a small piece of board about as large as my hand.

"What's this?" I exclaimed, taking stocking and board to the light. The board had evidently been cut off intentionally, and not nailed down: so with a candle I returned to the closet to prosecute my discoveries. Cautiously I put my hand into the hole laid bare by the removal of the board, but in an instant drew it forth again, holding in it a sealed parcel.

"Whew!" I whistled, as I read the address: "To the District Attorney of this city, New York." "To the District Attorney?" I muttered. "I'll look into this before I send it to the District Attorney." And, so saying, I took the parcel to the light and opened it.

The words which I then read for the first and only time are burned

into my memory, and, though years have gone by since that night, I think I have not forgotten one of them :

"To the District Attorney. My wife, Laura Turnor, and her daughter, Sylvia Mayhew, have conspired to kill me, and I write these words in the expectation of death. My married life with Laura Turnor has never been very happy, and the last few years have been especially unhappy ones. I do not blame her entirely for that. But now she wishes me out of her way, and she is taking steps to remove me. The instrument which she will use for my taking off will be a terribly powerful machine which I myself devised, under which I, like the Sicilian inventor, shall be the first to suffer. I cannot describe this invention ; but with this letter I place a note-book containing my memoranda of it. Should this letter be found after my death, take testimony if I did not die in a state of collapse, if a single deep note did not sound continuously through the room in which I died, if my bones did not crumble away at the slightest touch. And if these things did not happen, then I was not murdered ; but if they did, then I was murdered by my wife, Laura Turnor, and my step-daughter, Sylvia Mayhew. I swear that this is true, so help me God. John Turnor."

Hardly knowing what I did, I opened the note-book. The first thing that I saw was a drawing of some sort of musical instrument, seemingly an organ, evidently of great compass. Connected with the organ was a heavy arm-chair, the connection being made by a large number of wires. At the top of the page was a reference to "Joshua vi." Over the leaf was a memorandum, "Every one has his key-note, could it but be found ;" and throughout the book were notes and references indicating that Mr. Turnor had devised his organ to find out the "key-notes" of different persons and things. The chair connected electrically with the organ was not necessary to give the "key-note" its power, but simply intensified it : so at least the notes seemed to show. One note was a question whether criminals could not be put to death by means of the continuous sounding of their "key-notes ;" and another was to the effect that, having experimented upon an animal, he found that it took seven days to kill it. Still another memorandum gave the "key-note" of the inventor, and mentioned heavy perspiration and extreme weakness as consequent upon the repetition of one's note. On the very last page of the book, as I wildly turned it in my hands, I saw this written : "A tense string maintains the note, a slack string does not. Query : would relaxation of mind slacken the string ?"

This last I did not understand ; but the letter and the other writing in the book were easily comprehended. To me, who had stood at his death-bed, it was only too evident that John Turnor had indeed been

murdered, and that I had married his murderess, or, at all events,—for in those days I did not wish to think Sylvia guilty,—the daughter of his murderess! My blood stood still in my veins, great drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead, I shook all over, while ever through my mind ran wildly the terrible thought, “It is true! it is true!”

How long I remained in this state of mind and body I do not know, whether minutes or hours, but I was roused by repeated knocks on the door. As I was, one foot bare, I staggered across the room and opened the door. There stood the old murderess, the she-devil, the slayer of her own husband, who came to know why I did not come down-stairs.

I turned upon her, shaking the papers in my hand, and crying out, “Murderess! murderess!” She said not a word, but rushed down the stairs as if for her life, and I followed her blindly. She was in the parlor before I was half-way down the stairs, and then I knew how foolishly I had acted, that she had me at her mercy, and I determined to get out of the house before she could use against me the power her husband’s invention gave her; but before my foot touched the last step I heard a high, shrill note ring out from that infernal organ, and another and another, and then I saw the fiend standing by the knob Sylvia had touched the night Mr. Turnor died. Again and again the note rang out, and my heart beat wildly and more wildly, and I grew weaker and weaker. Still that fiend kept smiling at me from the parlor, and still I determined that the papers should never fall into her hands while I was alive. But even as I repeated this determination the notes became more and more piercing, a feeling of awful pain came upon me, and increased with each motion I made, until, no longer able to support it, I sank to the floor, unconscious of anything.

IV.

When I recovered my senses I found myself lying in the same reclining-chair in which Mr. Turnor had died, and opened my eyes to see Mrs. Turnor, with a Bible in her hand, in the same place as when I first saw her. The same great array of bottles was upon the mantel-piece; in fact, everything except the actors in the tragedy was unchanged.

Mrs. Turnor had evidently been watching me, for as soon as I moved she spoke.

“I have had your key-note stopped for the present,” she said, “for I have something to say to you. But first drink this bouillon— Oh, you need not be afraid! What do I need of poison? It will do you no harm, and can do you no good. There; will you have any more? You may. Very well. Now listen to me. You were very foolish to

make such a scene last evening. If you had acted sensibly, you might have got me into trouble. As it is, you have only got yourself into trouble. You have put yourself into my power, and compelled me to use it. The papers you found are doubtless interesting, and they contain only the truth, but it is your existence that makes their existence dangerous to Sylvia and me,—yes, Sylvia,—Sylvia and myself. You know too much for our safety: so I have decided to prevent you from ever revealing what you know. Now, Roger, I shall read you a chapter from the Bible,—the same one I read to Mr. Turnor while he was ill."

Then she began to read,—not that part of the Bible that people usually read to those sick unto death, but out of the Old Testament, out of the book of Joshua, yea, and the sixth chapter of that book, the account of the destruction of Jericho:

"... And it came to pass on the seventh day that they rose early, about the dawning of the day, and compassed the city after the same manner seven times: only on that day they compassed the city seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, when the priests blew with the trumpets, ... that the wall fell down flat. ... But Joshua had said unto the two men that had spied out the country, Go into the harlot's house, and bring out thence the woman, and all that she hath, as ye sware unto her. ... And Joshua saved Rahab alive." And presently the chapter was finished.

"There," said the she-devil, "Roger, I shall read you that chapter once a day for five days more, and on the seventh day I shall read it to you seven times." Then she closed the book; and as I shut my eyes I heard that accursed note begin again, and she left the room.

Six days more of life she gave me, I dimly thought: she would not give me too much, for she knows how long it takes to kill by the "key-note." Had she not killed her husband John Turnor? And from thinking of my own near death this succession of thoughts passed through my mind. I thought of John Turnor's end, how he died in the same room and the same bed in which I was soon to die, how he died by the machine he himself had invented; and then I thought of the inventor of the iron shroud, who had been the first to test its working; and then I wondered where I last had seen a reference to that hapless man, and I thought of John Turnor's letter, the source of my sickness, the cause of my death, and of his note-book, and then of the incomprehensible words on the very last page of that book, "A tense string maintains the note, a slack string does not. Query: would relaxation of mind slacken the string?" And, as I thought of that, a great light flashed upon me; the meaning of those words seemed clear: if I could relax the tension of my mind I need not die. I would be

saved, I inwardly determined ; but the determination caused that awful note to sound more loudly and piercingly than before ; and had I not practised what Tom Hughes called "mental gymnastics," and made my mind a blank, I should have fallen into another stupor, from which I might never have waked in this world.

It is much easier than people imagine to think of nothing : so until the next day I managed to get along very comfortably. I had intended to make a stroke for freedom that day, but, to my despair, found myself fastened down to the chair. Then this thought came to help me : Mr. Turnor was not fastened in his bed ; they will certainly release me before they call in the doctor. And that thought sustained me during the week,—the most awful one I ever spent. Those days passed slowly, but, thank God, they did pass.

On the seventh and last day, very early in the morning, about the dawning of the day, Mrs. Turnor read that chapter to me again. When she came into the room to read it for the eighth time, my wife followed her. My wife ! The first time I had seen her since that night. How pale she was, how haggard, how changed !

She did not look at me, but showed her mother a paper.

"Mother," she said, in a hollow, dead tone, "here is a Dr. Charles Elton who fell overboard from a ferry-boat. Will that name do?"

"Of course it will," said Mrs. Turnor, impatiently. "Now change the date of the paper to to-morrow. Elton ? Charles Elton ? I can remember that name : of course, the same story we told him." And she pointed at me. "'Dr. Elton has been called out of town,' and the rest of it. That will do." Sylvia left the room, and her demon mother began and ended that awful chapter. Then she came over to the bed, and bent down, and in a minute rose with a long strap in her hands, and my bonds were removed. Scarcely had she left the room and shut the door behind her when I rose. Every motion of my body seemed to make the sound strike more deeply ; but with a sort of instinct—it was not reason or thought—I stumbled across the floor to the wall and pressed the button. Instantly the terrible, monotonous note ceased.

I heard sounds as of one approaching, and with the last remains of my momentary strength pushed a heavy chair in front of the button, and sank down behind a curtain. Just in time ; for in rushed Mrs. Turnor, her face pale with apprehension. She evidently had no idea of how matters really stood : she thought only that some part of the machinery of that awful organ was not working. Straight towards the button she rushed, without looking at the bed ; but when she saw the arm-chair she stopped suddenly, and a look of wonder and doubt came over her face. She glanced towards the bed, and, with a perfect glare of hate and terror,

turned and grasped the chair. If she pulled it away from the wall, I was lost. I rose behind the curtain. Blindly I seized from the mantel-piece the bottle nearest to me, and hurled it at the demon. It struck her on the forehead ; it broke, its contents poured over her ; there was a shriek,—a shriek of rage and hatred, but above all of pain. With both hands pressed to her face and eyes, the woman sank to the floor and writhed in agony. I felt no pity for her. I stepped from behind the curtain, and, with a piece of the broken bottle in my hand, knelt by her side, and felt until I found her throat. When I had found it—— They tell me I cut her throat with the broken bottle. I think it likely : at all events, I do not see why people should lie to me uselessly. Certain it is, when I stood up again, my hands and knees burnt with the strong acid that had been in the bottle : she was dead. I walked as I was into the hall.

"Rahab ! Rahab ! where is Rahab ?" I cried : " she shall be spared, she and all that she hath." But when I saw Sylvia coming towards me with the baby in her arms, I remembered who Rahab was, and for very shame's sake stopped so calling my wife, and cried out, instead, " Sylvia ! Sylvia !"

But she passed me by, saying not a word, and fled into the parlor. And as I stood in the hall I heard shriek after shriek coming from the room. I looked in, and saw Sylvia sitting near her mother, rocking herself forward and backward ; but her boy lay crying where she had let him fall when she first saw the dead woman. I picked him up and comforted him as well as I could ; and then came Eliza, who, when she saw me in my night-clothes looking as one raised from the dead, gave a great cry and ran from the house. What passed then I do not know. I played with my boy till some one touched me, and I looked up and saw Philip and a man in blue, with brass buttons on his coat ; and he took away the boy, who played with the buttons, and laughed, and Philip helped me to dress and brought me here. And here I have been ever since : it is ten years now. Philip is with me still, and my boy comes every week to see me. Except for him and Philip, I am all alone. My wife's mother is dead—I saw to that ; and Sylvia, they tell me, is dead—perhaps I saw to that also ; but, however that may be, God rest her soul ; she was but a weak creature. But my boy John is alive. Yes, he is alive ; and he and I play together every week. Not on the piano or on the organ ; for I hate music. And besides music there is one other thing I hate,—the Book of Joshua.

This is the whole story of my sickness ; and, if I am insane, is there not reason why I should be so ?

R. N. T.

A PLEA FOR THE SPOILS SYSTEM.

THE Honorable William Henry Tyler is about the most genial and popular politician in one of the largest cities of the United States. For many years he took an active and leading part in the councils of his party, and, although he insists to-day that he is "out" of politics, he may be "in" again to-morrow, so numerous and strong are his personal friends and political affiliations. During his term as mayor it was generally admitted that no one had ever filled the chair of the municipal executive with more success or wider favor. Great, therefore, was the surprise when it was announced that the pressure of private business had induced him to quit the political field, just at a time when even his opponents conceded that he might look with confidence for further advancement, and when his friends were beginning to whisper his name in the preliminary conferences upon the approaching gubernatorial nomination. Since his retirement he has acted as a sort of Political Sage, to whom more than one of the rising and ambitious members of his party has been indebted for shrewd advice in those ticklish emergencies where probable temporary advantage has to be weighed with such nicety of balance against possible future gain.

Not long ago, some demagogues in the State legislature introduced an amendment to the civil service law, which, under the guise of a patriotic discrimination in favor of veterans of the civil war, in reality sought to break down the whole reform system. A member of the local association called upon Mr. Tyler and tried to secure his influence in opposition to the hostile bill. "Mr. Mayor," said he,—in some cities, when a man has once been chief executive the common council keep gas-lamps in front of his door, and his friends give him an emeritus title for the rest of his days,—“Mr. Mayor, as you doubtless know, the reform system is in danger, and we want your aid in beating this underhand attempt to break it down.”

"My friend," said the ex-mayor, "sit down. You Reformers are generally too good for the good things of this world: so I don't suppose a little Irish whiskey would tempt you. But perhaps you are not above a good cigar?"

"I will adapt myself to the environment for the good of the cause," said the Reformer, meekly, as he lighted a cigar and poured out some of the mountain-dew. "It exhales a genuine bouquet of the peat-bog," said he.

"It's from Quinn of Limerick," said the Sage; "and I got it at the Americus Club sale after Tweed's downfall. It has a history of its own. But never mind all that. I am glad you have come to me on this business, for it gives me a chance to free my mind. Do you know," he cried, with sudden warmth, "of all the milk-and-water poppycock that has diluted our politics for the last half-dozen years, I think this civil-service business is the worst; and it is high time for fair-minded men to examine the practical working and effect of what you call the Reform Law, so as to decide whether that measure should be approved or condemned."

"But, Mr. Mayor, has the new system had a fair chance?"

"A fair chance? How long, pray, do you propose to keep us in a constant fret with your confounded experiments? The system of appointment to office after some sort of an examination, competitive or otherwise, has been in operation two years in the State of New York, a year in Massachusetts, and three years under the laws of the United States,—quite long enough to enable us to judge it on its merits. What voters are beginning to ask now is, whether the laws which have been passed at Washington, Albany, and Boston changing the method of filling the public offices have really succeeded in reforming anything, or whether, after all, we were not better off under the old system. Oh, yes, yes, of course there are two sides to every question like this; and the fact that you Reformers admit a certain reasonableness in the argument of your opponents, a concession you would not have dreamed of making eighteen months ago, shows that you are already beginning to feel the reaction and to see that some of your pretensions are likely to influence reasonable people against you. Take, for example, all this hue and cry against the assessment of office-holders and candidates. Have you even dabbled in the politics of a great city like this without finding out that there are numerous political expenses the details of which people generally know very little about, and which amount in the aggregate to many thousands of dollars, are absolutely necessary, and have to be met in one way or another? Besides the election disbursements, which include printing millions of ballots, keeping booths manned in hundreds of districts, hiring distributors, engaging halls for campaign meetings, and sending speakers out upon the stump, whose services and expenses must be defrayed, there is also, as you ought to have learned by this time, an immense and continued outlay needed to keep up the regular political organization. This means, especially in these large cities, a constantly-recurring tax, greatly increased at election time. Putting aside all talk about 'buying votes,' the outlays referred to, all of which are admitted to be perfectly legitimate and necessary,

call for large sums of money,—the postage-bills in this city, for example, amounting sometimes to as much as five thousand dollars. The question naturally arises, who is to bear this burden, if the office-holder, who profits by his party's success, or the office-seeker, who hopes to profit by it, does not stand his share, proportioned to the salary he receives, or hopes to receive, from the office he holds or hopes to win?"

"But, Mr. Tyler," broke in the Reformer, "isn't it the duty of every citizen——"

"Hear me out, sir! You fellows have had the floor these four years. Give an old-timer some show. It is all very well to say that it is the duty of every citizen to take an active interest in the selection of the men who are to govern him, and that, if good government is the object of patriotic men in a democratic country, their patriotism ought to touch their pockets at least to the extent of inducing them to contribute to what are admittedly legitimate campaign and election expenses. That's all very good to talk about. Yet, somehow, the impossibility of providing for these expenses in any way other than the customary and natural one stares us in the face. Just recollect how Mr. Garfield, deferring to what he thought was a pressing public sentiment, set himself against the established custom at the beginning of his Presidential campaign. But as soon as the emergencies of the political situation demonstrated the impracticability of his position, he at once changed his attitude, like a sensible man, and secured the necessary funds without which the fight had been lost. On the other hand,—and I speak by the card, you understand,—when in the late gubernatorial campaign in the State of New York wealthy non-office-holding members of the Republican party were applied to for contributions, the very first question invariably asked was, 'How is the custom-house doing?' And when the collectors had to reply that, owing to the damned civil service law, they were unable to squeeze a dollar out of the place, the non-office-holders naturally declined to bear the whole of the burden, and hundreds were with difficulty collected where formerly thousands had been easily secured. Now, how was it in the days before the leaven of Mugwumpianism began to work? The business of providing for these necessary and proper disbursements was attended to in the natural and business-like way. In the city of New York, for example, the Democratic party organization controlled most of the ten thousand municipal offices, where the salaries aggregated something like ten and a half millions of dollars. The twenty-five hundred Federal offices were held by Republican workers, whose salary-list footed up about three millions and a half. Each contributor, from the head of a department down to the sweep or the office-boy, knew exactly what was expected of him, had

been glad to get his place upon the understanding that he owed it to the party, and no more thought of trying to evade his proportion of tribute to the party's needs than of cheating his butcher or his baker."

"But, Mr. Mayor, do you mean to contend that the American citizen cannot be counted on to do his public duty unless he has a pecuniary int——"

"I'll tell you what I mean, if you won't keep throwing me off the track with your interruptions. I know just what you had on your lips about the theory of our form of government resting upon the supposition that every voter is bound to show an intelligent interest in the selection of the men to whom he intrusts the conduct of public affairs, and all that. When and where do we find this general interest that you count upon? As you know very well, just about once in four years, when everybody seems to rouse to a conception of his duty. But how is it in the 'off' years? Upon whom do the great mass of people depend to keep up the party organization from month to month? Is any one so ignorant as to fancy that a political machine, any more than a business concern or any other form of organization, can be left to run itself until the exceptional occasion arises for its use? You Reformers need a little familiarity with hard facts. In a great city like New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, where at every election each voter has to choose many names from a mass of nominees, the great majority must rely upon their acknowledged party leaders for information as to the proper candidates for whom to vote. It is all very well to prate about the deplorable ignorance of the masses, yet the fact remains that in the so-called 'brownstone districts' of New York, for instance, the residents know far less about the men between whom they are supposed to exercise an intelligent and independent choice than the Harlem workman or the West Side mechanic.

"The two great political parties have adopted in that city two systems of political machinery. The Democrats have their 'halls,' and the Republicans their 'district associations,' and neither party has yet found anything better to take their place. The vast majority of respectable citizens, who are either too lazy or too indifferent to take an active part in politics, confine their attention to public affairs for eleven months out of the twelve to an easy perusal of the leading article in their evening papers over their after-dinner cigars, and spend the rest of the year in wondering why the management of the party has drifted into bad hands, and in composing diatribes against the 'henchman' and the 'heeler,' which they print in the *Nation* or the *Evening Post*. Look into the facts for a moment, and consider what a complicated and difficult task is involved in the management of a single Assembly district in

the city of New York, multiply the labor and outlay by twenty-four, and then say that it is a thing which may be left to itself, or which, if not left to itself, is a matter of little expense. Under our system of government, and with our election machinery in its present condition, political management has become an art; and it is not an art which the amateur can pick up off-hand by reading Mill's Essays or Lieber's Treatise. The man to whom is intrusted the management of his party's interests in a single Assembly district has enough work cut out for him to employ all the time and all the energies of an able-bodied, active, and intelligent man. He must make it his business, his profession; and, unless we count upon an altruism unlooked for and undemanded in any other walk of life, he *ought* to get his living from it. And the only way in which he can get an honest living is from the office he wins by his successful work. Supposing, for instance, his is a good-sized district, containing, we will say, thirty election districts. It is his business to select and command a 'captain' for each of the thirty, who is responsible to him, as he is in turn responsible to the central committee. Every one of his subordinates must keep a roll-book and see to it that the name of every resident within his limits is properly entered. Does it ever occur to you gentlemen 'who sit at home at ease' to whom it is that you owe the gentle hint which reaches you on the eve of the last day of registration, politely reminding you of an unperformed public duty? Does it ever occur to you, as you deposit your virtuous suffrages, that to secure you fair play every such district leader has to select and oversee the work of, say, sixty inspectors, thirty poll-clerks, thirty lieutenants in charge, fifty box-men, thirty supervisors, sixty marshals, with messengers, and ticket-distributors,—a round total of three hundred and fifty or four hundred 'workers'? And where is the pay for all this work to come from? You worthy gentlemen who look upon politics as a 'dirty trade' certainly do not bear the burden; and yet these items form but a small part of the cost of every election,—a burden which the organization must bear, and which the candidate, for whom the party's success means individual benefit, is in honor bound to share. Bear in mind that the main work of the 'halls' and the 'district associations' from year to year, week in and week out, is done by two sorts of people. First, the 'professionals,' so called, who make a living out of politics, and to whom party success means office, promotion, or increase of power. Besides these there is a very large class of active and industrious politicians—a far larger proportion of the 'workers' than the parlor statesman has any idea of—who have never made one cent out of politics, and who, whatever their secret hopes may be, never will make a cent from it, though they may continue in active politics all the rest of their days. These are the clerks and

shopkeepers of small means, the mechanics and day-laborers, to whom the 'hall' or the 'district association' is a sort of club, and who, instead of regarding their attendance at a mere business meeting during the 'off' years as an irksome political necessity or public duty, really enjoy the thing, and listen to the roll-call and the formal reports of committees with a grave and pleasurable feeling of self-importance. In some ways men of this kind are of the most valuable aid in keeping up the spirit of interest in the organization, so that the machine is held up to working order and ready for use, not only at the approach of an election or convention, but in the event of any of those political emergencies which every now and then spring up in 'off' years to mar the plans and confound the speculations of the most astute and long-headed political managers. These are the voters whom you could never catch tripping in regard to their local candidates. They know all about the political leanings of their neighbors, for usually they have lived for years in the district, one of its principal attractions being their connection with the local organization. They can tell you in a moment the estimation in which this candidate or that is held in this or that election district, and what would be his chances of 'drawing' from the opposite party. They are, to be sure, more like the politicians of the country grocery or the village post-office in this respect; for, unlike the average New-Yorker of the richer sort,—the 'better element' I believe you call it,—whose friends and acquaintances are scattered all over the island, and who thinks nothing of changing his residence from one end of the city to another every two or three years, *their* friends are among their neighbors, and they cultivate and foster a sort of local pride to which ninety-nine out of a hundred of your 'better-element' kind are strangers. Although perhaps never wholly without a secret feeling that the lightning of office may strike in their direction, such men, I can tell you, never dream of making a serious claim of reward for the really valuable services which they render their respective parties; and though they may not be able to compose stirring 'Appeals to the Independent Voter,' nor to see their hitherto unknown names in print attached to a list of searching 'Questions to Candidates,'—here memory tinged with bitterest irony the ex-mayor's voice,—“they lend quite as valuable assistance to the cause of political improvement by showing a real and unflagging interest in public affairs, which, except on the very eve of an election and when such topics are uppermost in popular attention, your genuine Reformer fails even to simulate. It is upon these men that the active and energetic district leader has to rely, and to whom he owes in great part his ability to keep in running order the organization for which they are glad to work, accepting as their only reward the success of the party to which it is

their pride to belong. Take away from that party, as you are trying to do, the legitimate results of party success, and these men will be, and indeed are to-day, quite as bitter in their disappointment and severe in their denunciation of what they naturally consider unfair treatment as their friends and colleagues to whom this treatment means a denial of the well-earned fruits of a victory for which all have fought hard to win. Oh, you may grin," cried the old war-horse, as he mopped his glowing face. "I am aware that the existence of such sentiments will scarcely be credited by my Independent friends; for to the lofty mugwump, who would scorn to labor for his party in a 'hall' or an 'association,' and who has never taken part in a political convention, except from the cold superiority of the gallery, such unselfish enthusiasm for the success of a great party is simply incredible. Yet, let me tell you, sir, to the practical politician it often seems as though, in the pursuit of the ideal, you sad-eyed young Reformers had lost sight of the fact that a party is, after all, the best medium yet found for giving concrete expression to political ideas; and so long as poor human nature remains what it is, parties, though founded for great purposes and acting as great moral agencies for ultimate good or evil, will depend for their everyday working energy on the stimulus of hope and fear, of success and failure, which goes to form the fuel of human endeavor. And the great statesman," added the Sage, who rather liked that last metaphor, and would give it a finishing touch,—“the great statesman is he who feeds the flame with even and discriminating hand. You may rest assured, my young friend, that no set of theorists, sitting in solemn conclave of self-constituted and self-called conventions, will ever succeed, though they ‘resolute till the cows come home,’ in running the every-day politics of an every-day world. Politics, sir, is a profession, and, like every other profession, is to be learned by practical experience and the study of measures and men. And it is high time to stop this drivelling cant which seeks to brand the professional politician as presumptively a blackleg or a knave. What Fisher Ames is said to have declared early in the century, that ‘one man who made a business of politics could have more influence than six who did not,’ is as true to-day as it was sixty years ago, and will be true in the days to come, when the republic is centuries old and the mugwump is grouped with the mummy. I remember,” cried the old politician, with a reminiscent chuckle, “how Jackson Schultz came to this sensible conclusion nine or ten years ago, when he awoke to the fact that Messrs. Sharpe and Davenport were ‘fixing’ things at the primaries ahead of him, and that when *he* tried to ‘fix’ things, as he innocently complained, they would always adjourn to head him off. And so he wisely decided to waste no more time in

attending primaries or conventions only to sit as a respectable dummy for the benefit of others who held the strings. 'In fact,' said he, 'inasmuch as they devote their lives to politics, and their bread and butter depends on it, while I can't afford the time to go into it morning, noon, and night, they always beat the game.' Lord! how the boys laughed when he dropped out! No, no, my young friend, you've had your day in court, and it was only a political 'fluke' that gave you anything more than a hearing. Mark my words, sir," continued the ex-mayor, and the Sage's brow lowered with prophetic darkness, "the passage of the Civil Service Act was one of those freaks of legislation that occur only to be swept from the statute-books at the moment of sober reaction. That a measure which struck at the very roots of our theory of government, and which, under ordinary conditions, would have required months of careful examination, discussion, and amendment, in committee and on the floor, should go through the national House of Representatives with a rush, without a debate, and within thirty minutes after the previous question had been called, is a strange subject of congratulation for those who are continually prating about the evils of hasty legislation. The star-eyed goddess of Reform, like a Malay fanatic, ran a-muck through both Houses, driving all before her. Believe me, Mr. Reformer, the measure has had its fair period of probation, and the fiat has gone forth for its recall. The leading men in both of the great political parties have found by this time that the new system, while in no way adding to the executive efficiency, seriously hampers the free action of the dominant party, whether Republican or Democratic, in national, State, or municipal affairs, and prevents the execution of the very reforms to which, before election, they were pledged in the event of success. The mugwumpian idea has been given fair play and has run its course. The real leaders of experience and sagacity have begun to chafe under a system which, while hampering their free use of the executive and administrative power, yet holds them responsible for results. And the people of the great State of New York, the battle-ground of the nation's politics, have emphasized by a significant vote their desire for a return to the simpler methods of the past, when issues were clearly defined, men fought for a substantial result, and to the victor belonged the spoils. There, sir," said the Sage, as he stopped for breath, "I've had my fling, and I feel the better for it. And I think it has done you good, too, to sit for twenty minutes and take in a few chunks of frozen truth."

"I am almost persuaded," answered the Reformer——

"Well said!" cried the Sage, whose ruddy face beamed with a proselyter's holy joy. "I'll drop in to dine to-night and clinch the thing."

"Yes, I am about convinced," said the Reformer, as he edged towards the door, "of what I have always doubted,—that an intelligent man may believe what he is saying and yet talk for an hour unmitigated bosh!" And the door closed softly but quickly behind him.

George Walton Green.

HAD I BUT KNOWN!

HAD I but known that nothing is undone
 From rising until rising of the sun,
 That full-fledged words fly off beyond our reach,
 That not a deed brought forth to life dies ever,
 I would have measured out and weighed my speech :
 To bear good deeds had been my sole endeavor,
 Had I but known !

Had I but known how swiftly speed away
 The living hours that make the living day,
 That 'tis above delay's so dangerous slough
 Is hung the luring wisp-light of to-morrow,
 I would have seized time's evanescent Now !
 To bear would be spared this unavailing sorrow,
 Had I but known !

Had I but known to dread the dreadful fire
 That lay in ambush at my heart's desire,
 Wherefrom it sprang and smote my naked hand
 And left a mark forever to remain,
 I would not bear the fire's ignoble brand :
 I would have weighed the pleasure with the pain,
 Had I but known !

Had I but known we never can repeat
 Life's springtime freshness or its summer heat,
 Nor gather second harvest from life's field,
 Nor aged winter change to youthful spring,
 To me life's flowers their honey all would yield :
 I would not feel one wasted moment's sting,
 Had I but known !

Hunter MacCulloch.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

It is impossible to read much of the literature of the day, or of its popular science, without noticing an underlying impression that pervades it all. This is the supposition that we are near the gate of some opening into the Unknown or Unseen,—that some link between the physical and spiritual laws of the universe is trembling just within reach. In the September number of this magazine Mr. Morris has written "A Chapter of Mystery" which is a partial summary of occurrences that have given rise to this faith in a coming revelation of some wondrous psychic force. The writer is indebted to him for learning that a bequest has been left to the University of Pennsylvania by Mr. Seybert for the purpose of carrying on investigations. In view of this fact, it seems proper that every person who can give any testimony on such subjects should put it on record, since nothing can be of greater interest or value to thoughtful minds than the unravelling of this "painful riddle of the earth" on which we move amid an ever-deepening mystery. To place the incident I have to tell in its proper setting, somewhat of preface must be written.

The time was a few years after the close of the war. I was a widow, with two sons, both under seven. They were babies of one and two when their father died, about a year and a half after the final surrender. He died of consumption, caused by the horrors endured in a besieged town of the Confederacy, and when he was at rest I took up the fight with life and the world single-handed. At the time of which I write, I was teacher of science in the public high school of a certain city. I loved my work, and was healthy in brain and body; but any male professor who should attempt to do such work well, and also to be a housekeeper and tend two active children with the scrupulous care of a mother for their mental, moral, and physical well-being, would realize that the situation involved a strain. And if, in addition, when the end of a month came, and the bills for costs of living were laid on his table, his own labor was paid in a depreciated scrip,—a promise to pay instead of money, a piece of paper hardly negotiable, worth a variable figure anywhere from ten to ninety cents on the dollar, generally nearer the former than the latter price, a paper that to dispose of at all would require much running about in spare hours among brokers and money-dealers,—he would most likely exclaim, "That way madness lies!" Such was the life of the public-school teachers in that city. Month after month would pass without any salary at all being paid them, then a fraction was doled out at long intervals. The situation illustrated "the survival of the fittest" in more ways than one, for all of them attempted to meet it by increased work out of school. Lessons in music, in fancy-work, in plain sewing, in drawing, in painting, in languages, helped some to live; others attempted literary work, copying, or kindred lines of effort; some took in sewing, some painted photographs. A few went to insane asylums or other refuges; a few died; a few became moral wrecks, living by their wits, speculation, and trickery, for their treatment was a training in dishonesty. The strong in health, the clever in brain, lived on, with hearts full of untold bitterness. Thus, with me, as with the rest, the years had been

passing, though perhaps with less of cankering rust, because of the character of my work, which aroused all my ardor to master and to impart the noble themes with which it dealt.

I was living in an old-fashioned brick house, set far back from the noises of the street, with a garden in front. About five streets off was the residence of Mr. A——, a relative, in whose family I had lived for several years during my girlhood. He was a man of many virtues; he had shown me much kindness. But he was also a person of singular disposition, addicted to forming strong antipathies for little cause, which then became unconquerable. To my surprise and grief, he took up such an antipathy for me, and thenceforward we drifted farther and farther apart, misunderstanding each other more every day. That he had been generous to me, that I was grateful to him and respected his virtues, seemed to have no power to disperse the cloud that rose between us like an icy wall, shutting away all sympathy or congenial intercourse. Therefore, when the assumed guardianship was over it was a blessed relief, though I left in his house what seemed a part of myself, in the person of a sister, one of the tenderest of human creatures, who seemed especially mine because she had formed no nearer tie. In the years that had passed since I left his home, my marriage, absence, widowhood, had not changed towards me the man of whom I speak. I rarely entered his house. Absorbed in the rush of duties, I seldom saw or thought of him. He was certainly the last man on our planet to whom I should have gone for sympathy or help. When my sister visited me, we had much to speak of that interested us more. She always came like an angel of peace, or a good Samaritan bearing ambrosial oil for a wounded spirit, and we were content to let the priest and Levite pass by unnoticed. The even-time from six to eight was always "the children's hour." Then I resolutely banished care, and read aloud, or sung, told stories and fairy-tales, talked or listened while they had supper and bathed and robed for the long rest of night, after which I generally had work to occupy the silent hours till bedtime.

And so I come at last to the story of a certain evening that illustrates my theme, and that became so vivid in memory because of the information which twenty-four hours later illuminated it with a mysterious light. It was mid-winter, and the night was very cold. The day had been a trying one to me in every way, and I was unusually tired; but the children brought a wonderful story to be finished, so I read on longer than usual. It was nearly nine before they were laid away in their warm and cosy nests, and I turned to the window to shut out the moonlight before going to the work that awaited me. At this hour my relative, Mr. A——, would be about to retire for the night, for he always did so very early; but I did not think of him as I looked out upon the wintry scene. The moon lay between the lids of two dark cloudlets like a sorrow-laden eye, and her cold light and hard shadows seemed to chill the heart. The house was quite hushed. All preparations and orders for the morrow had been arranged, but I thought of the work waiting to be done, with a sick weariness that rebelled at the harness just then, and I turned from the window to the scene within. It was a picture of happiness and peace. The little white beds, with the fair-haired heads on the pillow, the roses by the mirror my pupils had given, all touched with the glamour of firelight, gleaming high in crimson flame,—what vision could be sweeter? But while I looked at it some demon seemed to whisper, "Yours is a home built on sands. Let but your strength fail only for a little while, and it will crumble away like a phantasy indeed." I shivered

through soul and body. Wrapping a light shawl around me, I sat down in a deep arm-chair, and all recollection of work passed from me, for I fell into a strain of thought so full, so deep, so excited, that the blood seemed checked in its flow, and all vitality concentrated in my brain. No sound broke the stillness, save the gentle breathing of the little sleepers, or the soft hiss of the oscillating flame, and I sat motionless, but never more intensely alive in mind. The past stood out in a series of clear pictures, as they say it does to the drowning; the present became steeped in inexpressible bitterness; the future suggested every hideous possibility. I felt as if the book of life were opened before the throne of the Fates, and I argued the case as did Abraham for the righteous men who should spare the doomed city. It almost seemed to me as if I spoke and were listened to by some unseen Intelligence powerless to help, and thus a character of despair ran through all the current of thought. The long succession of injustices and vain struggles that had marked these years of honest toil passed in review. Never an idler in life's vineyard, holding my work in honor, not grumbling at service, and striving ever to do right, I had reached the top of my profession, giving each year months of gratuitous labor, only to find the rewards of that labor lessen each year, and to receive neither money nor true consideration. It was the noon of life, that time when the laborer in earthly fields should see the harvest ripening for that "night wherein no man can work." But to look forward was not to see a calm autumnal evening of rest, in which the soil of the strife should fall from me and life lapse away as a star sets to rise perhaps "upon some fairer shore." Instead of that, the foreground was filled with a crowd of impatient creditors, and the road ended at the gate of some prison-like refuge for paupers. None could measure the bitterness to an honest cultured woman to be a craven debtor: it was the refinement of torture. The womanly love of all things dainty and appropriate in raiment and in all else was strong, as well as the ability to earn them; but all these desires must be hourly crushed. Body and soul must be bent to the ignoble task of grubbing for the means of mere living. Was that the preparation with which to meet the daily needs of pupils who deserved the best a trained mind could give? I thought of my co-laborers, wondering how the weakly ones bore it, when my strength bent down in utter weariness. Then deep in consciousness shone forth what the teachings of science seemed to prove, that to the higher vitality and power to endure came also the keener torture. I realized that the best years of life were slipping away, and in the coming ones I could not hope to have the light step, the keen eye, the ready hand and active brain to wrestle with fate. I had the spirit not to fly before misfortune, to confront any trial, but I seemed to feel the physical sensations of a rapidly weakening swimmer breasting always a current that must overwhelm at last, or of one struggling against a high wind that constantly beat the traveller to the earth. Was there no way out of the coil, no escape from the corruption and ignorance that robbed us of the wages of our labor? These questions seemed to swing through my head with the dolorous monotony of a pendulum. At last the circle of thought was broken by the clear strokes of the city bells striking midnight. The fire had burned to glowing embers, but I felt no cold, and, rising, shook off the painful sensations by reading a few pages of something that had much interested me. Then, preparing for bed, I was soon in the heavy sleep that follows exhaustion.

The next afternoon my little boys came proudly leading in a visitor they so loved to see. "Mamma, here is Aunt Mabel come to stay all night." This was

always a treat to them, to have a change of story-teller and to hear us talk. But when they were in bed, and I brought Mabel down for a cup of tea, then my treat, the one pleasure in my lonely life, began. The iron fetters of endurance fell away, and together we discoursed of all that could help and soothe or strengthen and inspire each the other. This night Mabel evidently had something special to say. "Doris," at last she began, "I have something unusual to tell you. You know how seldom Mr. A—— mentions your name or appears to take any interest concerning you. Imagine, then, my surprise when, nothing leading up to it, he began of his own motion at breakfast this morning to speak of you. He entertained us with a long description of a most vivid dream he had of you last night. He said it seemed to begin as soon as he fell asleep; that you came to him and told him how tired and discouraged you were, how every effort failed and all went wrong through no fault of yours. He said you were most earnest and impressive." In short, Mabel then proceeded to give a full synopsis of my whole current of thought, repeated by him, just as I had thought it out the preceding night during the time that he was dreaming of it. To say that I was thrilled with surprise expresses but faintly the consternation I felt. Mabel noticed the emotion her narrative had produced, and shared it when she heard mine. Some floating belief I may have cherished that "the electric chain which darkly binds" might sometimes vibrate between two minds that were in unison; but Mr. A——! In our waking moments there was positive repulsion; I would have gone to death sooner than ask sympathy from one who had always so cruelly misjudged me, and no thought of him had intruded into that rushing torrent of thought. Yet how could such a dream, with such perfect consonance of time and of theme, have been mere coincidence? What is the mysterious law that governs spirit-force? This was the question we discussed till very late, understanding it no better from Mabel's suggestion, "Doris, your two spirits met last night on the same magnetic current, freed from the repulsions of the flesh." I laughed at this, telling her that my spirit seemed particularly busy right there in its own house, not wandering away on magnetic currents. Mabel has passed beyond my reach; though I call, she answers not. Shall we ever while we live on this earth see the gate of that silent land, even though from afar? Barred against us though it might be while we are clothed in flesh, one satisfactory vision of it would change for some of us the whole of life.

Doris Huntingdon.

WITHOUT having spent even "Two Days in Utah," one cannot help hearing many things in favor of the Mormons from disinterested, dispassionate, perfectly competent observers who have devoted abundant time to the study of them and their ways. Now that we are favored with the edifying spectacle of a crusade by monogamic Christians against polygamic Christians, these things come up in mind and prompt one to say a word or two on the side of the golden rule and fair play.

Why should there be any "Mormon question" at all? If six women in Utah are so foolish as to be content with one-sixth of a husband apiece, is that any business of mine or of Senator Edmunds's? It may be claimed that the bachelors of the country are interested in prohibiting a corner in wives; but surely even they will hardly fear competition in the marriage-market with a small fragment of a Mormon elder. Polygamy, in the nature of things, can hardly be a serious menace to the world while the men in it are approximately as numerous as the women. The charge that the rather absurd "saints" of the Salt Lake

basin are likely to overthrow our own deeply-rooted marriage institutions, or even perceptibly affect them, is tantamount to admitting that monogamy cannot hold its own against polygamy when people are left free to choose between them. It ascribes to American women a latent preference for that obsolete system which we find less shocking in the days of Abraham than in those of delegate Cannon. Of course there is no real basis for this insulting supposition. But without it what conceivable justification can there be for trying to stamp out an institution which is deeply rooted in the religious convictions of a large body of people?

Some distinctions we must be careful to draw, for words are very misleading. The crime of bigamy now and then occurring in our States has very little in common with the polygamy of Utah. No punishment can be too severe for the man who persuades a woman to marry him on the supposition that he is single and the marriage valid, when as a matter of fact he well knows that the form is only a mockery, and that she will be left on the morrow, through no fault of her own, neither maid, wife, nor widow. Such an act ought to be regarded as worse than murder. But the women of Utah marry with a full knowledge of the circumstances in which they place themselves; they have among their own people the honorable status of wives, no matter how many may have preceded them in that relation; their children are regarded as legitimate. They are not social victims turned adrift in an order of things which provides no decent place for them, but a respectable and recognized element in the fabric of society. Clearly, here are two radically different problems; and yet almost everybody seems to treat them as identical.

Again, ever since the promulgation of the first Republican platform we have been accustomed to hear of the "twin evils" slavery and polygamy. Why *twin*? The slave had no choice in the matter. If he attempted to leave his servitude he was chased, brought back, and punished, or sold to some region remote from all whom he knew. But no one pretends that this is the case with the Mormon women. They have married to be sure of a good home, or for love of a man, or—poor creatures!—for the good of their souls. There is no fugitive-plural-wife law to compel their return if they choose to leave. At this very moment they are resisting compulsory divorce by every means in their power, and imploring justice—which they do not get—from the rest of the women of the country.

After all the lessons of history, is it not pitiable that we are still in the era of persecution, of wholly needless suffering for conscience' sake? Certainly it is deplorable that women should suppose marriage essential to salvation, and should therefore be willing to stick by the dozen like burrs on a man's coat-sleeve; but the way to deal with such delusions is to teach people better. No eye sees more clearly for being battered by the fist of power, nor is a woman ordinarily convinced or improved by the ill-treatment of those whom she loves. To get up anti-Mormon laws is a cheap means of courting a still cheaper popularity; but in the long run they will be found as silly and ineffective as they are wicked. There is neither foresight nor Christianity in them.

Mormonism spreads because it is under the ban; and it will spread in spite of all enactments until that ban is removed. Persecution quickly made Christianity formidable to paganism, and Protestantism to Catholicism; and if you only give the Mormons enough of it, you may contrive to build up a temporary importance for them within the next quarter of a century. They do not show less devotion to their cause than other zealots. Several of their missionaries have been murdered or whipped in the mountain-region of the South, but they

multiply under the treatment, and more martyrs will be forthcoming as fast as needed; and the excessive penalties inflicted on their leading men in Utah will have in a less degree the same effect. There is no religious extravagance for which men will not go to prison or to death—and be glad of the chance—if you only rouse the passionate, self-deceiving recalcitrancy of human nature. There is absolutely nothing so dear to a man as having his own way in his own affairs; and when he has convinced himself that it is also an essential part of his religion, no sensible and upright person will try to drive him. How much more emphatically true is this of women, in a matter involving, as they think, both home and salvation!

W. H. Babcock.

W. H. B. has, in his criticism of my suggestions in the March number, so fully illustrated by the citation of examples the point I sought to make, that I can perhaps do no better than to leave the discussion where it is. It is only because he has quite misconstrued my main purpose, and because others may also be misled, that I feel like saying a word in reply. I had no idea that any one would take me quite so seriously, or, rather, so literally. The point to which I wished to call attention seemed to me, and still seems, important enough to justify a much stronger statement than mine. Yet it is with some chagrin that I am compelled now to say that the proposal for a society to look after needy poets was mere chaff. One does not like to explain the point of a joke. While my purpose was perfectly serious, the formal statement was intended to be somewhat extravagant. My remark that the work of such a society could not lie in the direction of a charity should have prevented any misconception on this point. My aim was to show that a poet cannot live by the exercise of his poetic faculty, and to point out the difficulties under which one not born to wealth must labor, if he would do conscientious and artistic work. If I assumed a somewhat tragic air, it was only by way of emphasis. Quite in keeping with this idea was my avowal that I belonged to the class whose case I was presenting. In a deliberate statement I should not think of claiming that I possessed more than a poetical temperament, which, although a prerequisite to a poet, does not make one. It seemed to me at the time a particularly fine point in the argument; but, with the interpretation placed upon it, I have now some regret at being betrayed into making it.

But it is certainly a strange reading that could have led W. H. B. to suppose that I was sighing for some golden age of poetry in the past, or that I thought it a good thing for a poet to be attached to the establishment of some rich man. Surely I said nothing of the sort, and nothing could be further from my thought. It is quite likely that the poet to-day fares as well as he ever did, but it is as Swinburne represents it to be in the "empty, narrow house,"—"For the best man there fares sadly."

I confess I cannot see how the fact of "Milton toiling in the harness of responsible office and patriotically writing himself blind over controversial prose works" was an advantage to him or to the world from a poetic point of view. I see how his salary as a public officer might keep the breath of life in his body so as to allow him to turn the fag ends of his time to poetic uses. But in what way does W. H. B. determine that a part is better than the whole? I can seem to see how Homer, not a beggar, but, according to the usage of his day, the recipient of a cheerful and willing bounty, small indeed, but enough for his simple wants, was thus enabled to devote his whole life to the production of poetry the most perfect in type the world has ever seen, which, after thirty centuries or so, re-

mains as fresh as in the childhood of the world when it was written, and which will endure at least up to the time when the New-Zealander shall moralize over the ruins of London Bridge. That the poet should come in contact with his fellow-men I grant; but how? Shall it be in the way of driving a sharp bargain? Is it knowledge of human nature that he wants? Let him then be a railroad conductor, a police justice, or a peripatetic medicine-vender.

I do not purpose entering upon an *ad hominem* argument. W. H. B. is not under discussion, nor any of the poets he mentions. Perhaps no one of them is or was sad, gloomy, morose, and forever in the Slough of Despond. I venture to think, nevertheless, that none of them who have written what I mean by "meritorious verse" have not in some moods been unhappy men who concealed deep tortures in their hearts. It does not follow that even these were moods of absolute despair. There is certainly a pleasure in poetic pains, and that was profound philosophy which sighed, "Oh, last regret! regret can die."

Many persons possess some of the things that go to the making of the poet, and something more. They may write acceptable verse and be good business-men besides. They may be far more useful in the community than one who is only a poet; but what is to be done with the latter? And the poet must possess one thing, without which all other endowment is vain. He must be able to take on the moods of all men and things and reproduce them in his verse. He must be *impressionable*, as I said; and this, if not absolutely fatal, is an immense disadvantage, in business. Yet he must work up to his full strength and capacity in the counting-room, the court-room, the office, shop, or field,—for that is what the men do with whom he must compete,—and then give the scant remnants of time, sorely needed for rest and recreation, to poetic composition. Why should not the same rule apply to the musician, the sculptor, and the painter? We do not get the powerful work, says W. H. B. Possibly, under such circumstances, what he means by meritorious verse could be written; but he would be a very cruel task-master who should exact more. But, he says, "any very powerful and original poem would quickly meet with a degree of fame and success which ought to be reward enough," even if it does not sell. It would be reward enough, perhaps, to be conscious that you had written such a poem, and the formality of publication might be dispensed with.

The list of poets mentioned, whom he says H. E. W. would recognize as such, curiously illustrates the only point I had in mind. Not one of them, probably, has earned any considerable part of his living by the practice of his art. None of them, with perhaps a single exception, have been in straitened circumstances. If asked which of the Americans named most completely fulfilled the idea of a poet, he would undoubtedly say Longfellow, although in native endowments and capacity for vigorous and powerful work it is questionable whether he should not be placed last. But he wrought as an artist, and devoted his life to poetry, which in his case met with such fame and success as may have been reward enough. His work brought him considerable money too, no doubt; which was not so important, for, though not rich, few men of his generation were ever so little troubled with regard to money-matters.

Finally, let me say, I am not in the least sensitive to W. H. B.'s criticism, and do not reply with the slightest disrespect to the views he is pleased to state. While I speak with the earnestness born of some experience, it is not in the spirit of personal complaint. I see no help for the condition of things, but I cannot take satisfaction in it. I have never been driven to drink or other excesses. I expect to

continue in what W. H. B. considers the better course, and, as for sixteen years in the past, to find in other labor a frugal support for myself and family. I have lost no money on published volumes of verse, and, unless my views change radically, I shall not waste any money in placing before the world something for which it has expressed no desire. I am aware that no publisher would undertake a volume of my verse without a guaranty against loss, nor would he if it were a great deal better than it is. I don't blame him. I would not waste my money if I were in his place. But if W. H. B. wants me to enjoy all this, I must retort upon him his own phrase, "Thou dost not reason wisely concerning this."

H. E. W.

WHEN I was a very small child I dreamed that a train of cars left the railroad-track and came rushing down through a pasture not far from our house. I was much delighted with the occurrence at the time; but I mention it now merely to state that I take no credit to myself for the fact that in after-years a railroad was actually constructed through this very pasture. My modesty in this case is, however, the less a virtue because, as I have never made another attempt in the way of a prophetic dream, it would be idle to seek any reputation in that quarter.

I was a quiet, unsociable, imaginative child; and now that I have come out of those dim, cloudy places, in which I spent the first years of my life, into the light of the common world, I am not always able to distinguish the dreams of that period, which were very vivid, from its waking thoughts, often very fantastical. I remember distinctly, for instance, how the words "If I should die before I wake," in my little prayer, used to call that possibility clearly to my mind, and how, when I awoke later in the evening or the next morning, I frequently glanced around quickly to find out whether I was in heaven or in my own room. I thought I should like very much to know what heaven was like: still, I was always relieved when I found I was safe at home. But when I try to untangle other memories they become hopelessly snarled.

As to a peculiar horror of my childhood, I am quite unable to tell how much of it was in my dreaming and how much in my waking thoughts. It began in this way. There were several chambers in our attic, but in one place a large opening showed the dark, unfinished part which was used for packing away boxes and trunks in, and which we always spoke of as "under the roof." It was a mysterious region to me, because it was so dark, I suppose, and because nobody ever penetrated to the end of it. But one day it occurred to me that there was a similar space over my grandmother's room in the L of the house, and that to this there was no entrance. Henceforth my imagination dwelt with a strange fascination on this unknowable land. I remember one dream I had about it. I thought that at last I was in the unearthly place, and that I found there people, grown small in their narrow confines, who spent their time in an endless, stately dance. They were dressed in the finery of the last century, and I decided at once that they were persons who had lived in the world then and who had been shut up in this prison ever since. "And they have lost their souls," I said in my dream. And the more I watched the little people the sadder I grew, for they danced and they bowed and they smiled, and it seemed as if they would always dance and bow and smile, and yet they had no souls! This is the only one of my fancies about "under the roof" which I can definitely remember. They all leaked out through the shingles years ago, and left nothing but dark

boards and bricks behind them. But even now I can call back something of the awe with which the thought of the place once inspired me.

One of the great joys of my youth was floating in the air. It was my most frequent dream, and I was always glad when I found myself, in the midst of some unfamiliar adventure, taking up this customary and delicious mode of travelling. It is very easy, I assure you. It is only necessary, holding the arms at the sides, to raise one's self a little from the ground, and then, still keeping the body in a perpendicular position, to give a slight impulse in the direction in which one wishes to go. I often floated when I was asleep; and these dreamy flights were so pleasant to think about, and so seemingly real, that I could not withstand the idea that the feat had been performed in very truth, and that I could do it again,—if I once got started right! So late as when I was in long division I made futile and embarrassing attempts to float when I was awake. I knew it was ridiculous; and yet after one has done a thing so often one ceases to reason as to its impossibility.

I had thought that my floating days were over; but only last night I found myself explaining to a friend, and illustrating as I went on, "It is very easy: all you have to do," etc.

But usually nowadays I spend my time on the solid earth. I never visit a certain enchanted palace, through whose rooms, each more wonderful than the last, I used to wander. And not long ago I dreamed a piece of logical reasoning of which I have been proud ever since. I thought that my little sister, who was sleeping with me, was feverish and ill, and that I got up to get her some water. There seemed to be a small hand-lamp in the room, which I made many unsuccessful attempts to light. Match after match refused to burn, and when the matches behaved well the wick would not kindle. After much tribulation of this sort, I made a resolution. I shook the lamp in my hand, and found that there was enough kerosene in it; I held it up before the window, and could see, dimly, that a large part of the wick was in the oil. Then I said, "There is no reason why I cannot light this lamp. I shall try once more; and if the match burns, yet does not light the wick, I shall know that I am dreaming, and I will not get anything for my sister, because she is not really sick." I made my experiment. The first match flamed. I held it to the wick, but that remained dead. With a sigh of relief, I cast away all thoughts of the feverish child, who was still tossing and moaning, got into bed, and was about going to sleep, when I noticed that I yet had the lamp in my hand. I was trying to conquer my drowsiness sufficiently to get up and put it on the bureau, when I happened to think that there was no need of this, because, as it was all a dream, I might as well throw the lamp across the room. I did so, and went to sleep with a clear conscience.

Yet, reason as we will, the mystery is always around us. One day last summer I pulled off a plain ring I wear, and was prodigiously frightened as soon as I had done it. I could not think why, until I remembered that the night before I had had a dream, in which I found myself in Fairy-land, or some such place, where there was a beautiful, mystical ceremony, at the end of which I had promised never to take off this ring. I had not thought of the dream that morning or during the day, but when the ring fell from my finger I felt as if I had broken a spell.

J. E. P.



e
t
f
-
t
e
n
y
t
I
g
I
o

d
:

a
e
g
o
e
y
n
f
t
e,
o
h
ll
-
d
o
n
y
o
s
r

-
s
e
e,
-
r
a